

81-2/194
A M P H I T R Y O N :

O R, T H E

T W O S O S I A S.

A

C O M E D Y,

Alter'd from DRYDEN by Mr. GARRICK.

As it is Perform'd at the

T H E A T R E S - R O Y A L

I N

L O N D O N and D U B L I N.

W I T H

A New INTERLUDE of MUSIC, an Occasional
PROLOGUE, and some Account of the Alterations.

Vet. A5 e. 5945

D U B L I N:

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M.DCC.LVIII.

(Vet. A5 e. 5911)

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

	DUBLIN.	LONDON.
Jupiter,	Mr. Dexter.	Mr. Rofs.
Mercury,	Mr. Stayley.	Mr. Palmer.
Phæbus,	Mr. Kennedy.	Mr. Usher.
Amphitryon,	Mr. Wilder.	Mr. Havard.
Sofia,	Mr. King.	Mr. Woodward.
Gripos,	Mr. Glover.	Mr. Yates.
Polidas,	Mr. Preston.	Mr. Walker.
Tranio,	Mr. Hurst.	Mr. Jefferson.

W O M E N.

Alcmena,	Miss Kennedy.	Mrs. Yates.
Phædra,	Mrs. Kennedy.	Mrs. Clive.
Bromia,	Mrs. Farrel.	Mrs. Macklin.
Night,	Mrs. Pye.	Miss Minors.

SCENE, *T H E B E S.*



P R E F A C E.

THE Abilities of DRYDEN as a Writer, are so generally and so justly acknowledged to be of the first Class, that it would be something worse than Impropiety, to alter any of his Productions without assigning the Reason. For the Alteration of his AMPHITRYON, indeed, the Reason is evident; for it is so tainted with the Profaneness and Immodesty of the Time in which he wrote, that the present Time, however selfish and corrupt, has too much Regard to external Decorum, to permit the Representation of it upon the Stage, without drawing a Veil, at least, over some Part of its Deformity: The principal Part of the Alterations, therefore, are made with a moral View; though some Inaccuracies, which were remarked on the Examination which these Alterations made necessary, are also removed, of which the following are the chief.

In the Scene between *Sofia* and *Mercury* in the Second Act, *Amphitryon* is supposed to have sent a Buckle of Diamonds by *Sofia*, as a Present to *Alcmena*; for *Sofia* first asks *Mercury* “*If Amphitryon did send a certain Servant with a Present to his Wife;*” and soon after asks him, “*what that Present was,*” which, by *Mercury*’s Answer, appears to be the Diamond Buckle: Yet in the Scene between *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena*, in the Third Act, when *Alcmena* asks him, as a Proof of his having been with her before, from whose Hands she had the Jewel, he cries out, “*This is amazing! have I already given you those Diamonds? the Present I reserved---*” And instead of supposing that *Sofia* had delivered them as Part of his Errand, which he pretended he could not execute, he appeals to him for their being in safe Custody, reserved to be presented by himself. This is an Inconsistency peculiar to DRYDEN, for neither PLAUTUS nor MOLIERE any where mention the Present to have been sent by *Sofia*.

THERE is another Inaccuracy of the same kind, which occurs both in PLAUTUS and MOLIERE. It appears in the Second Act, that one Part of *Sofia*’s Errand was to give *Alcmena* a particular Account of the Battle;
and

and *Sofia's* Account of his being prevented, is so extravagant and absurd that *Amphitryon* cannot believe it: Yet when *Alcmena*, in the Third Act, asks *Amphitryon* how she came to know “*what he had sent Sofia to tell her,*” *Amphitryon* in Astonishment seems to admit that she *could* know these Particulars *only from himself*, and does not consider her Question as a Proof that *Sofia* had indeed delivered his Message, though for some Reasons he had pretended the contrary, and forged an incredible Story to account for his Neglect. As it would have been much more natural for *Amphitryon*, to have supposed that *Sofia* had told him a Lie, than that *Alcmena* had, by a Miracle, learnt what only he and *Sofia* could tell her, without seeing either of them; this Inaccuracy is removed, by introducing such a Supposition, and making the Dialogue correspond with it.

IN the Second Act, *Jupiter*, in the Character of *Amphitryon*, leaves *Alcmena* with much reluctance, pretending haste to return to the Camp, and great Solitude to keep his Visit to her a Secret from the *Thebans*: Yet when he appears again in the Third Act, which he knew would be taken for the third Appearance of *Amphitryon*, he does not account for his supposed second Appearance at the Return of the real *Amphitryon*, just after his Departure, which seems to be absolutely necessary to maintain his borrowed Character consistently; and without dropping the least Hint of his being no longer solicitous to conceal his Excursion from the Camp, he sends *Sofia* to invite several of the Citizens to Dinner.

MANY other Inaccuracies less considerable, and less apparent, have been removed, which it is not necessary to point out: Whoever shall think it worth while diligently to compare the Play as it stood, with the altered Copy, can scarce fail to see the Reason of the Alterations as they occur.

IT must be confessed, that there are still many Things in *AMPHITRYON*, which, though I did not obliterate, I wou'd not have written; but I think none of these are exceptionable in a moral View. There are many Passages in which Lord *Amphitryon* and Lady *Alcmena* are treated by their Servants with a Familiarity, which is not now allowed on the greater Stage of the living World;

World; and, indeed, from this Fault, I scarce know any Comedy that is perfectly free: However, some of the grosser Freedoms that were taken by *Phædra* with the Character of Judge *Gripus* are rejected; and this was the more necessary, as *Gripus* was *Alcmena's* Uncle; and therefore, in her Presence, could not, without the utmost Impropriety, be enquired after of *Amphitryon* himself as a Wretch who had grown old in the Abuse of his Office, as a Magistrate, by selling Justice, and swelling his Purse with Bribes.

IF after all it be asked, why this Play was altered at all, I answer, because it might otherwise have been revived, either by other Managers, or at another House, without being altered, otherwise then by being maimed: Some Parts, indeed would have been left out; but as nothing would have been substituted in the stead, it would have become imperfect, in Proportion as it became less vicious; and would still have been so vicious in the very constituent Parts, as to sully, and, perhaps, corrupt almost every Mind, before which it had been represented. But though I should have been sorry to see the joint Work of *PLAUTUS*, *MOLIERE*, and *DRYDEN*, so mutilated, as to lose that Proportion of Parts by which alone those Parts can constitute a Whole; yet my principal View was effectually to prevent the Exhibition of it in a Condition, in which it could not be safely seen: And this, I hope, will be admitted as a sufficient Apology, for my having thus employed some Hours of that Time which shall return no more, by those who have little Regard for *AMPHITRYON* as a Piece of ancient Humour, retouched and heightened by two of the most eminent Masters that modern Times have produced.

P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. HAVARD.

THIS Night let busy Man to Pleasure spare :
Far hence be searching Thought, and pining Care;
Far hence what'er can agonize the Soul,
Grief, Terror, Rage, the Dagger and the Bowl!
The comic Muse, a gay propitious Pow'r,
To dimpled Laughter gives this mirthful Hour.

The Scenes which PLAUTUS drew, To-night we shew
Touch'd by MOLIERE, by DRYDEN taught to glow.
DRYDEN!---in evil Days his Genius rose,
When Wit and Decency were constant Foes:
Wit, then defil'd in Manners and in Mind,
When'er he sought to please, disgrac'd Mankind.
Freed from his Faults, we bring him to the Fair;
And urge once more his Claim to Beauty's Care.
That thus we court your Praise is Praise bestow'd;
Since all our Virtue from your Virtue flow'd.

But there are some---no matter where they sit---
Who smack their Lips and hope the luscious Bit.
These claim Regard, deny it they that can---
"The Prince of Darknefs is a Gentleman!"
Yet why apologize, tho' these complain;
They'er free to all the rest of Drury-Lane.

To these bright Rows we boast a kind Intent;
We sought their Plaudit, and their Pleasure meant.
Yet not on what we give, our Fame must rise;
In what we take away, our Merit lies.
On no new Force bestow'd we found our Claim;
To make WIT HONEST, was our only Aim:
If we succeed, some Praise we boldly ask---
To make WIT HONEST is no easy Task.

AMPHI-

AMPHITRYON:

OR, THE

TWO SOSIAS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mercury and Phœbus descend in several Machines.

PHOEBUS.

K NOW you the Reason of this present Summons?

'Tis neither Council-day, nor is this Heaven:
What Business has our *Jupiter* on Earth?
Why more at *Thebes* than any other Place?
And why are we, of all the Deities,
Selected out to meet him in consult?
They call me God of Wisdom; but the Hind,
That whistling turns the Furrow to my Beams,
Knows full as much as I.

Merc. I have discharg'd my Duty; which was to summon you, *Phœbus*: we shall know more anon, when the Thunderer comes down. 'Tis our Part to obey our Father; and here he is. {*Jupiter descends.*

Jup. No Thoughts, not even of Gods, are hid from

Jove:

Your Doubts are all before me; but my Will,
In awful Darkness wrapt, no Eye can reach
'Till I withdraw the Veil. Yet, thus far know,
That, for the Good of human Kind, this Night
I shall beget a future *Hercules*;
Who shall redress the Wrongs of injured Mortals,
Shall conquer Monsters, and reform the World.

Phœb. Some Mortal we presume of *Cadmus'* Blood---

B

Some

Some *Theban* Beauty----

Jup. Yes, the fair *Alcmena*.

You two must be subservient to my Purpose.

Amphitryon, the brave *Theban* General,
Has overcome his Country's Foes in Fight,
And in a single Duel slain their King:

His conquering Troops are eager on their March,
Returning home; while their young General,
More eager to review his beauteous Wife,
Pasts on before, wing'd with impetuous Love,
And, by To-morrow's Dawn, will reach this Town.

Phæb. Then how are we to be employ'd this Evening?
Time's precious, and these Summer Nights are short;
I must be early up to light the World.

Jup. You shall not rise; there shall be no To-morrow.

Merc. Then the World's to be at an End, I find.

Phæb. Or else a Gap in Nature, of a Day.

Jup. The Night, if not restrain'd, too soon would
pass;

Too soon the Dawn would bring *Amphitryon* back,
Whose Place I mean to hold: and sure a Day,
One Day will be well lost to busy Man.

Night shall continue Sleep, and Care suspend:
So, many Men shall live, and live in Peace,
Whom Sunshine had betray'd to envious Sight,
And Sight to sudden Rage, and Rage to Death.

Phæb. I shall be curs'd by all the lab'ring Trades,
That early rise: but you must be obey'd.

Jup. No matter for the cheating Part of Man;
They have a Day's Sin less to answer for.

Phæb. When wou'd you have me wake?

Jup. Your Brother *Mercury* shall bring you Word.

[Exit *Phæbus* on his Chariot.]

[To *Merc.*] Now, *Hermes*, I must take *Amphitryon's*
Form:

Thou must be *Sofia*, this *Amphitryon's* Slave;
Who, all this Night, is travelling to *Thebes*,
To tell *Alcmena* of her Lord's Approach,
And bring her joyful News of Victory.

Merc. But why must I be *Sofia*;

Jup. Dull God of Wit, thou Statue of thyself!
Thou must be *Sofia*, to keep out *Sofia*?

Whose

Whose Entrance well might raise unruly Noise,
And so distract *Alcmena's* tender Soul,
She wou'd not meet, with equal Warmth, my Love.

Merc. Let me alone; I'll cudgel him away:
But I abhor so villainous a Shape.

Jup. Take it; I charge thee on thy Duty, take it:
Nor dare to lay it down till I command.

Night appears above in a Chariot.
Look up; the *Night* is in her silent Chariot,
And rolling just o'er *Thebes*: bid her drive slowly;
Or make a double Turn about the World;
While I drop *Jove*, and take *Amphitryon's* Dress,
To be the greater, while I seem the less. [Exit *Jup.*

Merc. [to *Night*.] Madam *Night*, a good Even to you! Fair and softly, I beseech you, Madam: I have a Word or two to you, from no less a God than *Jupiter*.

Night. O, my industrious and rhetorical Friend, is it you? What makes you here upon Earth at this unseasonable Hour?

Merc. Why I'll tell you presently; but first let me sit down, for I am confoundedly tired.

Night. Fye, *Mercury*! sure your Tongue runs before your Wit now: does it become a God, think you, to say that he's tired?

Merc. Why do you think the Gods are made of Iron?

Night. No; but you should always keep up the Decorum of Divinity in your Conversation, and leave to Mankind the use of such vulgar Words as derogate from the Dignity of Immortality.

Merc. Ay, 'tis fine Talking 'faith in that easy Chariot of your's: you have a brace of fine Geldings before you, and have nothing to do but to touch the Reins with your Finger or Thumb, throw yourself back in your Seat, and enjoy your Ride wherever you please: but it is not so with me: I who am the Messenger of the Gods, and traverse more Ground both in Heaven and Earth than all of them put together, am, thanks to Fate, the only one that is not furnish'd with a Vehicle.

Night. But if Fate has denied you a Vehicle, she has bestowed Wings upon your Feet.

Merc. Yes, I thank her, that I might make the more haste;

haste; but does making more haste keep me from being tired, d'ye think?

Night. Well but to the Business: what have you to say to me?

Merc. Why as I told you I have a Message from *Jupiter*: it is his Will and Pleasure, that you muffle up this part of the World in your dark Mantle, somewhat longer than usual at this time of the Year.

Night. Why what is to be done now?

Merc. Done! why he is this Night to be the Progenitor of a Demigod, who shall destroy Monsters, humble Tyrants, and redress the injured; Men are to become happy by his Labours, and heroic by his Example.

Night. *Jupiter* is very gracious indeed to Mankind! but I am not much oblig'd to him for the honourable Employment he has been pleas'd to assign me in this Business.

Merc. Not oblig'd to him, Madam! why so? You was always a Friend to Mankind, and he might reasonably think you would take pleasure in deserving their Homage upon so important an Occasion.

Night. Pleasure! what in taking upon me the most odious Character, a Character that---

Merc. Come, come, Madam, that is good of which Good comes; this is a safe Principle for us Deities, whatever it is for Mortals, who can no more see the Consequences of their own Actions than what is doing behind your Curtain.

Night. Sir, I beg pardon---I acknowledge, Sir, that you are much better acquainted with those Affairs than I am; and therefore I will e'en accept of my Employment, relying wholly upon your Judgment.

Merc. Not so fast, good Madam *Night*; none of your Inuendo's if you please: you are reported not to be so shy as you pretend; and I know that you are the trusty Confident of many a private Treaty, and have as little to boast of in some Particulars as I.

Night. Well, well, do not let us expose ourselves to the malicious Laughter of Mankind by our Quarrels.

Merc. About your Business then: put a Spoke into your Chariot-wheels, and order the seven Stars to halt, while I put myself into the Habit of a Serving-man; and

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and dress up a false *Sofia*, to wait upon a false *Amphitryon*. Good Night, *Night*.

Night. My Service to *Jupiter*. Farewel *Mercury*.

[*Night goes backwards*. [Exit *Merc*.

SCENE II. Amphitryon's Palace

Enter Alcmena alone.

Alc. Why was I marry'd to the Man I love!
For had he been indifferent to my Choice,
Or had been hated, Absence had been Pleasure;
But now I fear for my *Amphitryon*'s Life.
At home, in private, and secure from War,
I am amidst an Host of armed Foes:
Sustaining all his Cares, pierc'd with his Wounds;
And if he falls (which O ye Gods avert)
Am in *Amphitryon* slain! Wou'd I were there,
And he were here; so might we change our Fates;
That he might grieve for me, and I might die for him

Enter Phædra running.

Phæd. Good News, good News, Madam! O such admirable News, that if I kept it in a Moment, I shou'd burst with it!

Alc. Is it from the Army?

Phæd. No matter.

Alc. From *Amphitryon*?

Phæd. No matter, neither.

Alc. Answer me, I charge thee, if thy good News be any thing relating to my Lord: If it be, assure thyself of a Reward.

Phæd. Ay, Madam, now you say something to the Matter: You know the Business of a poor Waiting-woman, here upon Earth, it to be scraping up something against a rainy Day, call'd the Day of Marriage; every one in their own Vocation: But what Matter is it to me if my Lord has routed the Enemy if I get nothing of their Spoils?

Alc. Say is my Lord victorious?

Phæd. Why he is victorious; indeed I pray'd devoutly to *Jupiter* for a Victory; by the same Token, that you shou'd give me ten Pieces of Gold, if I brought you News of it.

Alc. They are thine; supposing he be safe too.

Phæd. Nay, that's a new Bargain; for I vow'd to *Ju-*

piter that then you should give me ten Pieces more. But I do undertake for my Lord's Safety; if you will please to discharge *Jupiter* of the Debt, and take it upon you to pay.

Alc. When he returns in Safety, *Jupiter* and I will pay your Vow.

Phæd. And I am sure I artickled with *Jupiter*, that if I brought you News, that my Lord was upon Return, you should grant me one small Favour more that will cost you nothing.

Alc. Make haste thou Torturer; is my *Amphitryon* upon Return?

Phæd. Promise that I shall be your Bedfellow to Night, as I have been ever since my Lord's Absence,---unless I shall be pleas'd to release you of your Word.

Alc. That's a small Request, 'tis granted.

Phæd. But swear by *Jupiter*.

Alc. I swear by *Jupiter*.

Phæd. Then I believe he is victorious: and I know he is safe; for I look'd through the Key-hole, and saw him knocking at the Gate.

Alc. And wou'dst thou not open to him? O thou Traitors!

Phæd. No, I was a little wiser: I left *Sofia's* Wife to let him in: For I was resolv'd to bring the News, and make my Pennyworths out of him as Time shall show.

Enter Jupiter in the Shape of Amphitryon, with Sofia's Wife, Bromia. He kisses and embraces Alcmena.

Jup. O let me live for ever on those Lips!-----
The Nectar of the Gods to these is tasteless.

I swear, that were I *Jupiter*, this Night
I wou'd renounce my Heav'n to be *Amphitryon*.

Alc. Then not to swear beneath *Amphitryon's* Oath,
(Forgive me, *Juno*, if I am profane)

I swear, I wou'd be what I am this Night;
And be *Alcmena*, rather than be *Juno*.

Brom. Good, my Lord, what's become of my poor Bedfellow, your Man *Sofia*? What, I say, tho' I am a poor Woman, I have a Husband as well as my Lady.

Phæd. And what have you done with your old Friend, and my old Sweetheart, Judge *Gripos*? If he
be

be rich, I'll make him welcome, like an honourable Magistrate: but if not-----

Alc. My Lord, you tell me nothing of the Battle. Is *Thebes* victorious, are our Foes destroy'd? For now I find you safe, I should be glad To hear you were in Danger.

Brom. [*Pulling him on one Side.*] I ask'd the first Question: answer me, my Lord.

Phæd. [*Pulling him on t'other Side.*] Peace, mine's a Lover, and yours but a Husband: and my Judge is my Lord too; the Title shall take Place, and I will be answer'd.

Jup. *Sofia* is safe----*Gripus* is rich---both coming--- I rode before 'em with a Lover's Haste----

Alc. Then I, it seems, am last to be regarded?

Jup. Not so, my Love; but these obstreperous Tongues

Have snatch'd their Answers first: They will be heard-- Let us retire where none shall interrupt us; I'll tell thee there the Battle and Success. But I shall oft begin, and then break off; For Love will often interrupt my Tale, And make so sweet Confusion in our Talk, That thou shalt ask, and I shall answer Things, That are not of a Piece, but patch'd with Kisses; And Nonsense shall be eloquent in Love.

Alc. I am the Fool of Love; and find within me, The Fondness of a Bride, without the Fear. My whole Desires and Wishes are in you. Great *Juno*, thou whose holy Care presides O'er wedded Love, thy choicest Blessings pour On this auspicious Night.

Jup. *Juno* may grudge; for she may fear a Rival In those bright Eyes: but *Jupiter* will grant, And doubly blest this Night.

Phæd. [*Aside.*] But *Jupiter* shou'd ask my Leave first,

Alc. *Bromia*, prepare the Chamber; The tedious Journey has dispos'd my Lord To seek his needful Rest. [*Exit Bromia.*]

Phæd. 'Tis very true, Madam; the poor Gentleman must needs be weary: and, therefore, 'twas not ill-con- triv'd that he must lie alone to Night.

Alc.

Alc. [*To Jupiter.*] I must confess I made a kind of Promise.-----

Phæd. [*Almost crying*] A kind of Promise, do you call it? I see you wou'd fain be coming off: I am sure you swore to me, by *Jupiter*, that I should be your Bed-fellow, and I'll accuse you to him too, the first Prayers I make; and I'll pray on Purpose too, that I will.

Jup. O, the malicious Hilding!

Alc. I did swear indeed, my Lord.

Jup. Forswear thyself; for *Jupiter* but laughs
At Lovers Perjuries.

Phæd. The more Shame for him if he does.

Jup. *Alcmena* come,-----

Alc. [*Sighing*] She has my Oath;
And sure she may release it if she pleases-----

Phæd. Why, truly Madam, I am not cruel in my Nature to poor distressed Lovers; for it may be my own Case another Day: and therefore, if my Lord pleases to consider me-----

Jup. Any thing, any thing! but name thy Wish, and have it.-----

Phæd. Ay, now you say, any thing, any thing! but you wou'd tell me another Story to-morrow Morning. Look you, my Lord, here's a Hand open to receive; you know the meaning of it.

Jup. Thou shalt have all the Treasury of Heav'n.

Phæd. Yes, when you are *Jupiter* to dispose of it. You have got some Part of the Enemies spoil I warrant you----I see a little trifling Diamond upon your Finger; and I am proud enough to think it wou'd become mine too.

Jup. Here, take it. [*Taking a Ring off his Finger, This is a very Woman: and giving it.*]
Her Sex is Avarice, and she, in one,
Is all her Sex.

Phæd. Ay, ay, 'tis no Matter what you say of us. Go, get you together, you naughty Couple: to-morrow Morning I shall have another Fee for parting you.

[*Phædra goes out before Alcmena with a Light.*]

Jup. [*Solus.*] Now, for one Night, I leave the
World to Fate;
Love is alone my great affair of State.

This

AMPHITRYON.

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This Night let all my Altars smoke in vain,
And Man, unheeded, praise me or complain.
Yet if in some short Intervals of Rest,
By some fond Youth an am'rous Vow's address,
His Pray'r is in an happy Hour preferr'd;
And when Jove loves, a Lover shall be heard. [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE. I.

A Night-Scene of a Palace.

*Sofia with a Dark-Lantern: Mercury in Sofia's Shape,
with a Dark-Lantern also.*

Sof. **W**AS not the Devil in my Master, to send me out this dreadful dark Night, to bring the News of his Victory to my Lady? And was not I possess'd with ten Devils for going on his Errand, without a Convoy for the Safeguard of my Person? Lord, how am I melted into Sweat with Fear! I am diminish'd of my natural Weight, above two Stone: I shall not bring half myself home again, to my poor Wife and Family. Well! the greatest Plague of a Serving-Man is to be hir'd to some great Lord! They care not what Drudgery they put upon us, while they lie lolling at their Ease abed, and stretch their lazy Limbs, in Expectation of the Whore which we are fetching for them. The better Sort of 'em will say, Upon my Honour, at every Word: Yet ask 'em for our Wages, and they plead the Privilege of their Honour, and will not pay us; nor let us take our Privilege of the Law upon them. These are a very hopeful Sort of Patriots, to stand up as they do for Liberty and Property of the Subject: There's Conscience for you!

Merc. [Aside.] This Fellow has something of the Republican Spirit in him.

Sof. [Looking about him.] Stay; this methinks shou'd be our House. And I shou'd thank the Gods now for bringing me safe home: But I think I had as good let my Devotions alone, till I have got the Reward for my good News, and then thank 'em once for all: for, if I
praise

praise 'em before I am safe within Doors, some damn'd Mastiff Dog may come out, and worry me; and then my Thanks are thrown away upon 'em.

Merc. [*Afide*] Thou art a wicked Rogue, and wilt have thy Bargain before-hand: therefore thou get'st not into the House this Night; and thank me accordingly as I use thee.

Sof. Now I am to give my Lady an Account of my Lord's Victory: 'tis good to exercise my Parts before-hand, and file my Tongue into eloquent Expressions, to tickle her Ladyship's Imagination.

Merc. [*Afide*] Good! and here's the God of Eloquence to judge of thy Oration.

Sof. [*Setting down his Lanthorn*] This Lanthorn, for once, shall be my Lady; because she is the Lamp of all Beauty and Perfection.

Merc. Excellent!

Sof. Then thus I make my Addresses to her: [*Bows*] Madam, my Lord has chosen me out, as the most faithful, tho' the most unworthy of his Followers, to bring your Ladyship this following Account of our glorious Expedition. Then she,---O my poor *Sofia*, [*In a shrill Tone*] how am I overjoy'd to see thee! She can say no less---Madam, you do me too much Honour, and the World will envy me this Glory:-----Well answer'd on my Side.-----And how does my Lord *Amphitryon*?-----Madam, he always does like a Man of Courage when he is call'd by Honour.----There I think I nick'd it.----But when will he return? As soon as possibly he can: but not so soon as his impatient Heart cou'd wish him with your Ladyship.

Merc. [*Afide*] When *Thebes* is an University, thou deservest to be their Orator.

Sof. But what does he do, and what does he say? Pry'thee tell me something more of him---He always says less than he does, Madam; and his Enemies have found it to their cost---Where the Devil did I learn these Elegancies and Gallantries?

Merc. So; he has all the natural Endowments of a Pop, and only wants the Education!

Sof. [*Staring up to the Sky*] What, is the Devil in the Night? She's as long as two Nights: the seven Stars
are

are just where they were seven Hours ago! High Day--high Night, I mean, by my Favour---What has *Phæbus* been playing the Goodfellow, and over-slept himself, that he forgets his Duty to us Mortals?

Merc. How familiarly the Rascal treats us Gods! but I shall make him alter his Tone immediately.

[*Mercury comes nearer, and stands just before him.*

Sof. [Seeing him, and starting back, aside] How now! What do my Eyes dazzle, or is my dark Lanthorn false to me? Is not that a Giant before our Door? or a Ghost of some Body slain in the late Battle? If he be, 'tis unconscionably done, to fright an honest Man thus, who never drew Weapon wrathfully in all his Life-----Whatever Wight he be, I am devilishly afraid, that's certain; but, 'tis Discretion to keep my own Counsel: I'll sing, that I may seem valiant.

Sofia sings; and as Mercury speaks, by little and little drops his Voice.

Merc. What saucy Companion is this, that deafens us with his hoarse Voice? What Midnight Ballad-singer have we here? I shall teach the Villain to leave off Catterwawling.

Sof. I would I had Courage, for his Sake; that I might teach him to call my Singing Catterwawling---an illiterate Rogue; an Enemy to the Muses and to Musick!

Merc. There's an ill Savour that offends my Nostrils, and it wasteth this way.

Sof. He has smelt me out: My Fear has betray'd me into this Savour-----I am a dead Man! The bloody Villain is at his Fee, fa, fum, already.

Merc. Stand, who goes there?

Sof. A Friend.

Merc. What Friend?

Sof. Why a Friend to all the World that will give me leave to live peaceably.

Merc. I defy Peace and all its Works---My Arms are out of Exercise, they have maul'd no Body these three Days: I long for an honourable Occasion to pound a Man, and lay him asleep at the first Buffet.

Sof. [Aside.] That would almost do me a Kindness; for I have been kept waking, without tipping one wink of Sleep these three Nights.

Merc.

Merc. Of what Quality are you, Fellow?

Sof. Why, I am a Man, Fellow----Courage, *Sofia!*-

Merc. What kind of Man?

Sof. Why a two-legg'd Man, what Man should I be?

[*Aside*]------I must bear up to him, he may prove as errant a Milk-sop as myself.

Merc. Thou art a Coward, I warrant thee; do not I hear thy Teeth chatter in thy Head?

Sof. Ay, ay, that's only a Sign they would be snapping at thy Nose. [*Aside*] ---Bless me, what an Arm and Fist he has! with great Thumbs too----and Golls and Knuckle-bones of a very Butcher.

Merc. Sirrah, from whence come you, and whither go you? Answer me directly upon pain of Assassination.

Sof. I am coming from whence I came, and am going whither I go; that's directly home---Tho' this is somewhat an uncivil Manner of Proceeding, at the first Sight of a Man, let me tell you.

Merc. Then to begin our better Acquaintance, let me first make you a small Present of this Box o'th' Ear-----

[*Strikes him*]

Sof. If I were as cholerick a fool as you are now, here would be fine Work betwixt us two! but I am a little better bred, than to disturb the sleeping Neighbourhood; and so good Night Friend----

[*Going.*]

Merc. [*Stopping him*] Hold, Sir; you and I must not part so easily. Once more, whither are you going?

Sof. Why I am going as fast as I can, to get out of the reach of your Clutches. Let me but only knock at that Door, there.

Merc. What Business have you at that Door, Sirrah?

Sof. This is our House; and when I'm got in, I'll tell you more.

Merc. Whose House is this, Sauciness, that you are so familiar with, to call it ours?

Sof. 'Tis mine, in the first Place; and next, my Master's; for I lie in the Garret, and he lies under me.

Merc. Have your Master and you no Names Sirrah?

Sof. His Name is *Amphitryon*---hear that and tremble!

Merc. What, my Lord General?

Sof.

Merc. What, my Lord General?

Sof. O, has his Name mollify'd you! I have brought you down a Peg lower already, Friend.

Merc. And your Name is----

Sof. Lord, Friend, you are so very troublesome,---- what should my Name be but *Sofia*?

Merc. How, *Sofia*, say you? How long have you taken up that Name, Sirrah?

Sof. Here's a fine Question! Why I never took it up, Friend; it was born with me.

Merc. What was your Name born *Sofia*? Take this Remembrance for that Lye. [Beats him.

Sof. Hold, Friend, you are so very flippant with your Hands, you won't hear Reason: What Offence has my Name done you, that you should beat me for it? *S. O. S. I. A.* they are as civil, honest, harmless Letters, as any are in the whole Alphabet.

Merc. I have no Quarrel to the Name, but that 'tis e'en too good for you, and 'tis none of yours.

Sof. What am not I *Sofia*, say you?

Merc. No.

Sof. I should think you are somewhat merrily disposed, if you had not beaten me in such sober Sadness. You would persuade me out of my Heathen Name, would you?

Merc. Say you are *Sofia* again at your Peril, Sirrah.

Sof. I dare say nothing; but Thought is free----But whatever I am call'd, I am *Amphitryon's* Man, and the first Letter of my Name is *S.* too. You had best tell me that my Master did not send me home to my Lady, with News of his Victory?

Merc. I say he did not.

Sof. Lord, Lord, Friend, one of us two is horribly given to Lying!----but I do not say which of us, to avoid Contention.

Merc. I say my Name is *Sofia*, and yours is not.

Sof. I would you could make good your Words; for then I should not be beaten, and you should.

Merc. I find you would be *Sofia*, if you durst---but if I catch you thinking so---

Sof. I hope I may think I was *Sofia*: and I can find no difference between my former Self, and my present Self;

Self; but that I was plain *Sofia* before, and now I am lac'd *Sofia*.

Merc. Take this, for being so impudent to think so.
[Beats him.]

Sof. [Kneeling] Truce a little, I beseech thee! I would be a Stock or a Stone now by my good Will, and would not think at all, for Self-preservation. But will you give me leave to argue the Matter fairly with you? And promise me to depose that Cudgel, if I can prove myself to be that Man that I was before I was beaten?

Merc. Well, proceed in Safety: I promise you I will not beat you.

Sof. In the first place then, is not this Town call'd *Thebes*?

Merc. Undoubtedly.

Sof. And is not this House *Amphitryon's*?

Merc. Who denies it?

Sof. I thought you would have deny'd that too; for all hang upon a String. Remember then, that those two preliminary Articles are already granted. In the next place, did not the aforesaid *Amphitryon* beat the *Teleboans*, kill their King *Pterelas*, and send a certain Servant, meaning some Body that for Sake-sake shall be nameless, with News of his Victory, and of his Resolution to return To-morrow?

Merc. This is all true, to a very tittle: but who is that certain Servant? there's all the Question.

Sof. Is it Peace or war betwixt us?

Merc. Peace.

Sof. I dare not wholly trust that abominable Cudgel ---but 'tis a certain Friend of yours and mine, that had a certain Name before he was beaten out of it. But if you are a Man that depend not altogether upon Force and Brutality, but somewhat also upon Reason, now do you bring better Proofs that you are that same certain Man; and in order to it, answer me to certain Questions.

Merc. I say I am *Sofia*, *Amphitryon's* Man: what Reason have you to urge against it?

Sof. What was your Father's Name?

Merc. *Davus*; who was an honest Husbandman,
whose

whose Sister's Name was *Harpage*, that was marry'd and died in a Foreign Country.

Sof. So far you are right, I must confess; and your Wife's Name is---

Merc. *Bromia*--a devilish Shrew of her Tongue, and a Vixen of her Hands, that leads me a miserable Life--

Sof. By many a sorrowful Token. This must be I---

Merc. I was once taken upon Suspicion of Burglary, and was whipt thro' *Thebes*, and branded for my Pains.

Sof. Right Me again--But if you are I, as I begin to suspect, that Whipping and Branding might have been past over in Silence, for both our Credits :---And yet, now I think on't, if I am I, (as I am I) he cannot be I. All these Circumstances he might have heard; but I will now interrogate him upon some private Passages. [*Aside*] ---What was *Amphitryon's* Share of the Booty?

Merc. A Buckle of Diamonds, consisting of five large Stones, which was worn as an Ornament by *Pterelus*.

Sof. What does he intend to do with it?

Merc. To present it to his Wife *Alcmena*.

Sof. And where is it now?

Merc. In a Case, seal'd with my Master's Coat of Arms.

Sof. This is prodigious, I confess!--but yet 'tis nothing now I think on't, for some false Brother may have reveal'd it to him. [*Aside*]--But I have another Question to ask you, of somewhat that pass'd only betwixt myself and me: if you are *Sofia*, what were you doing in the Heat of Battle?

Merc. What a wise Man should, that has a Respect for his own Person. I ran into our Tent, and hid myself amongst the Baggage.

Sof. [*Aside*] Such another cutting Answer, and I must provide myself of another Name, [*To him*] And how did you pass your Time in that same Tent?-- You need not answer to every Circumstance so exactly now; you must lye a little, that I may think you the more Me.

Merc. That Cunning shall not serve your Turn, to circumvent me out of my Name: I am for plain naked Truth---There stood a Hogshead of old Wine, which my Lord reserv'd for his own Drinking---

Sof. [*Aside*] O the Devil! As sure as Death, he must have

have hid himself in that Hogthead, or he could never have known that!

Merc. And by that Hogthead, upon the Ground there lay the kind Inviter and Provoker of good Drinking----

Sof. Nay, now I have caught you---there was neither Inviter, nor Provoker, for I was all alone.

Merc. A lusty Gammon of----

Sof. [*Sighing*] Bacon!--that Word has quite made an End of me--Let me see--this must be I, in spite of me---but let me view him nearer.

[*Walks about Mercury with his dark Lanthorn.*]

Merc. What are you walking about me for, with your dark Lanthorn?

Sof. No harm, Friend--I am only surveying a Parcel of Earth here, that I find we two are about to bargain for.--[*Aside*] He's damnable like me, that's certain. *Imprimis*, There's the Patch upon my Nose, with a Pox to him--*Item*, A very foolish Face with a long Chin at the End on't--*Item*, One Pair of shambling Legs, with two splay Feet belonging to them. And--*summa totalis*, from Head to Foot all my bodily Apparel--[*To Mercury*] Well, you are *Sofia*; there's no denying it: But what am I then? for my Mind gives me, I am some Body still, if I knew but who I were.

Merc. When I have a mind to be *Sofia* no more, then thou may'st be *Sofia* again.

Sof. I have but one Request more to thee--that, tho' not as *Sofia*, yet as a Stranger, I may go into that House, and carry a civil Message to my Lady.

Merc. No, Sirrah; not being *Sofia*, you have no Message to deliver, nor Lady in this House.

Sof. Thou canst not be so barbarous, to let me lie in the Streets all Night, after such a Journey, and such a Beating--and therefore I am resolv'd to knock at the Door in my own Defence.

Merc. If you come near the Door, I recal my Word, and break off the Truce--and then expect--

[*Holds up his Cudgel.*]

Sof. No, the Devil take me if I do expect--I have felt too well what sour Fruit that Crab-tree bears: I'll rather beat it back upon the Hoof to my Lord *Amphitryon*, to
see

See if he will acknowledge me for *Sofia*: If he does not, then I am no longer his Slave; there's my Freedom dearly purchas'd with a fore Drubbing: If he does acknowledge me, then I am *Sofia* again; so far 'tis tolerably well: But then I shall have a second Drubbing for an unfortunate Ambassador as I am; and that's intolerable.

Mercury alone.

I have fobb'd off his Excellency pretty well. Now let him return, and make the best of his Credentials. But here comes *Jupiter*.

SCENE, II. *Enter Jupiter leading Alcmena, follow'd by Phædra. Pages with Torches before them.*

Jup. Those Torches are offensive: Stand aloof:

[To the Pages.

For tho' they bless me with thy heav'nly Sight, *[To her,*
They may disclose the Secret I would hide:

The *Thebans* must not know I have been here;
Detracting Crowds would blame me that I stole
These happy Moments from my publick Charge,
To consecrate to thee; and I could wish

That none were witness of the Theft, but she
By whom it is approv'd---

Alc. So long an Absence, and so short a Stay!
What, but one Night! One Night of Joy and Love,
Could only pay one Night of Cares and Fears;
And all the rest are an uncancell'd Sum!

Jup. *Alcmena*, I must go.

Alc. Not yet, my Lord.

Jup. Indeed I must.

Alc. Indeed you shall not go.

Jup. Behold the ruddy Streaks o'er yonder Hill!
Those are the Blushes of the breaking Morn,
That kindle Day-light to this nether World.

Alc. No matter for the Day, it was but made
To number out the Hours of busy Men.

Let 'em be busy still, and still be wretched;
And take their fill of anxious drudging Day:
But you and I will draw our Curtains close,
Extinguish Day-light and shut out the Sun.

Stay then, my Lord---I'll bribe you with this Kiss.

Merc. *[Aside]* That's a plaguy little Devil; what a roguish Eye she has! I begin to like her strangely: she's

the Perquisite of my Place too; for my Lady's Waiting-woman is the proper Fees of my Lord's chief Gentleman.

Jup. A Bribe indeed that soon would bring me back, Though now it is not possible to stay.

Alc. Not possible! Alas how short is Life
If we compute alone those happy Hours
In which we wish to live! Our sev'nty Years
Are fill'd with Pains, Diseases, Wants and Woes,
And only dash'd with Love; a little Love!
Sprinkled by Fits, and with a sparing Hand.
Count all our Joys from Childhood ev'n to Age,
They would but make a Day of every Year.
O! wou'd the Gods comprize the Quintessence
In sev'nty Days, and take the rest away!

Jup. By Heav'n, thy ev'ry Word and Look, *Alcmena*,
Fans the fierce Flame thy Charms have kindled here:
My Love encreas'd by thine, as Fire by Fire,
Mounts with more Ardour in a brighter Blaze.
But yet one Scruple pains me at my parting;
I love so nicely that I cannot bear
To owe my Pleasure to submissive Duty:
Tell me, and sooth my Passion, that you give them
All to the Lover, and forget the Husband.

Alc. And yet, my Lord, the Husband's Right alone
Can justify the Love that burns for you:
Nor do I suffer ought that wou'd suggest
The Scruple which your fond Desire has rais'd.

Jup. O that you lov'd like me! then you would find
A thousand, thousand Niceties in Love.
The common Love of Sex to Sex is brutal:
But Love refin'd will fancy to itself
Millions of gentle Cares, and sweet Disquiets:
The being happy is not half the Joy;
The Manner of the Happiness is all!

Alc. Confessing that you love and are belov'd,
Rest happy in that Thought; nor wish to lose
The Right that consecrates the Lovers Joy.

Jup. I am at once a Lover and an Husband,
But as a Lover only I am happy;
A Lover, jealous of a Husband's right,
By which he scorns to claim; whose tend'rest Joy

Must

Must all be giv'n, not paid. O! my *Alcmena*,
Indulge the Lover's Wishes thus refin'd,
Divide him from the Husband--give to each
What each requires; thy Virtue to the Husband,
And on the Lover lavish all thy Love.

Alc. I comprehend not what you mean, my Lord:
But only love me still, and love me thus,
And think me, such as best may please your Thought.

Jup. There's Mystery of Love in all I say:
But Duty, cruel Duty tears me from thee.
Howe'er indulge at least this small Request--
When next you see your Husband, dear *Alcmena*,
Think of your Lover then.

Alc. O let me ne'er divide what Heav'n has join'd!
Husband and Lover both are dear to me.

Jup. Farewel--

Alc. Farewel--but will you soon return?

Jup. I will, believe me, with a Lover's haste.

[*Exeunt Jup. and Alc. severally: Phæd. follows her.*]

Merc. [*Alone*] Now I should follow him; but Love
has laid a Lime-twigg for me, and made a lame God of
me. Yet why should I love this *Phædra*? She's merce-
nary, and a Jilt into the Bargain. Three thousand
Years hence there will be a whole Nation of such Wo-
men in a certain Country that will be called *France*;
and there's a Neighbour Island too, where the Men will
be all Interest. O what a precious Generation will
that be, which the Men of the Island shall propagate
out of the Women of the Continent!

Phædra Re-enters.

And to much for Prophecy; for she's here again, and I
must love her in Spite of me.

Phæd. Well, *Sofia*, and how go Matters?

Merc. Our Army is victorious.

Phæd. And my Servant, Judge *Gripus*?

Merc. A voluptuous Gormand.

Phæd. But has he gotten wherewithal to be voluptu-
ous, is he wealthy?

Merc. He sells Justice as he uses, fleeces the rich Re-
bels, and hangs up the Poor.

Phæd. Then while he has Money he may make Love
to me. Has he sent me no Token?

Merc.

Merc. Yes, a Kiss; and by the same Token, I am to give it you, as a Remembrance from him.

Phæd. How now, Impudence! A beggarly Serving-man presume to kiss me!

Merc. Suppose I were a God; and shou'd make Love to you?

Phæd. I would first be satisfy'd whether you were a poor God or a rich God.

Merc. Suppose I were *Mercury*, the God of Merchandise?

Phæd. What, the God of small Wares and Frippe-ries, of Pedlars and Pilferers?

Merc. [*Aside*] How the Gipsy despises me!

Phæd. I had rather you were *Plutus* the God of Money, or *Jupiter* in a Golden Shower: there was a God for us Women! he had the Art of making Love. Dost thou think that Kings, or Gods either, get Mistresses by their good Faces? no 'tis the Gold and the Presents they can make; there's the Prerogative they have over their Fair Subjects.

Merc. All this notwithstanding, I must tell you, pretty *Phædra*, I am desperately in love with you.

Phæd. And I must tell thee, ugly *Sofia*, thou hast not wherewithal to be in Love.

Merc. Yes, a poor Man may be in Love, I hope.

Phæd. I grant a poor Rogue may be in Love, but he can never make Love. Alas, *Sofia*, thou hast neither Face to invite me, nor Youth to please me, nor Gold to bribe me: and besides all this, thou hast a Wife--poor miserable *Sofia*! What, ho, *Bromia*!

Merc. O thou merciless Creature! why dost thou conjure up that Spright of a Wife?

Phæd. To rid myself of that Devil of a poor Lover. Since you are so lovingly dispos'd, I'll put you together: What, *Bromia*, I say, make haste.

Merc. Since thou wilt call her, she shall have all the Cargo I have gotten in the Wars.

Phæd. Why, what have you gotten, good Gentleman Soldier, besides a Legion of---- [*knaps her Fingers*]

Merc. When the Enemy was routed, I had the Plundering of a Tent.

Phæd.

Phæd. That's to say, a House of Canvas, with Moveables of Straw: make haste, *Bromia*----

Merc. But it was the General's own Tent.

Phæd. You durst not fight, I'm certain, and therefore came last in when the rich Plunder was gone beforehand--Will you come, *Bromia*?

Merc. Pr'ythee do not call so loud----A great Goblet that holds a Gallon.

Phæd. Of what was that Goblet made? Answer quickly, for I am just calling very loud--*Bro*--

Merc. Of beaten Gold. Now call aloud if thou dost not like the Metal.

Phæd. *Bromia.*

[*Very softly.*]

Merc. That struts in this Fashion, with his Arms akimbo, like a City Magistrate; and a great bouncing Belly, like a Hostess with Child of a Kilderkin of Wine. Now what say you to that Present, *Phædra*?

Phæd. Why I am considering-----

Merc. What, I pr'ythee?

Phæd. Why, how to divide the Business equally; to take the Gift, and refuse the Giver, thou art so damnable ugly and so old.

Merc. [*Aside*] O! that I was not confined to this ungodly Shape To-day! But *Gripus* is as old and as ugly too.

Phæd. But *Gripus* is a Person of Quality, and my Lady's Uncle; and if he marries me, I shall take Place of my Lady. Hark, your Wife! she has sent her Tongue before her. I hear the Thunderclap already; there's a Storm approaching.

Merc. Yes, of thy Brewing, I thank thee for it: O how I shou'd hate thee now, if I cou'd leave loving thee!

Phæd. Not a Word of the dear Golden Goblet, as you hope for---you know what, *Sofia*.

Merc. You give me Hope then----

Phæd. Not absolutely Hope neither: but Gold is a great Cordial in Love Matters; and the more you apply of it, the better.----[*Aside*] I am honest, that's certain; but when I weigh my Honesty against the Goblet, I am not quite resolv'd on which Side the Scale will turn.

[*Exit Phædra.*
Merc.

Merc. [*Aloud*] Farewell, *Phædra*; remember me to my Wife, and tell her-----

Enter Bromia.

Brom. Tell her what? Traytor! that you are going away without seeing her.

Merc. That I am doing my Duty, and following my Master.

Brom. Umph.----so brisk too! Your Master cou'd leave his Army in the Lurch, and come galloping home at Midnight, and steal to Bed as quietly as any Mouse, I warrant you: My Master knew what belong'd to a marry'd Life; but you, Sirrah----You Trencher-carrying Rascal, you worse than Dunghill-Cock! that stood clapping your Wings and crowing without Doors, when you should have been at Roost, you Villain!---

Merc. Hold your Peace, Dame *Partlet*, and leave your cackling: My Master charg'd me to stand Centry without Doors.

Brom. My Master! I dare swear thou bely'st him; my Master's more a Gentleman than to lay such an unreasonable Command upon a poor distressed marry'd Couple, and after such an Absence too. No there's no Comparifon between my Master and thee, thou Snakefby.

Merc. No more than there is betwixt my Lady and you, *Bromia*. You and I have had our Time in a civil Way, Spouse, and much good Love has been betwixt us: but we have been marry'd fifteen Years, I take it, and that hoighty toighty Business ought in Conscience to be over.

Brom. Marry come up, my saucy Companion! I am neither old, nor ugly enough to have that said to me.

Merc. But will you hear Reason, *Bromia*? My Lord and my Lady are yet in a manner Bride and Bridegroom: --do but think in Decency, what a Jest it wou'd be to the Family, to see two venerable old married People, ogling and leering, and sighing out fine tender Things to one another.

Brom. How now, Traitor, dar'st thou maintain that I am past the Age of having fine Things said to me?

Merc. Not so, my Dear; but certainly I am past the Age of saying 'em.

Brom.

Brom. Thou deserv'st not to be yok'd with a Woman of Honour, as I am, thou perjur'd Villain!

Merc. Ay, you are too much a Woman of Honour, to my Sorrow; many a poor Husband wou'd be glad to compound for less Honour in his Wife, and more Quiet. Pry'thee be but honest and continent in thy Tongue, and do thy worst with every Thing else about thee.

Brom. Thou wou'd'st have me a Woman of the Town, wou'd'st thou! to be always speaking my Husband fair, to make him digest his Cuckoldom more easily: Wou'd'st thou be a Wittal, with a Vengeance to thee? I am resolv'd I'll scour thy Hide for that Word.

[*Holds up her Ladle at him.*]

Merc. Thou wilt not strike thy Lord and Husband, wilt thou?

[*She courses him about.*]

Mercury running about. [*Aside*] Was ever poor Deity so Henpeck'd as I am!-- Nay, then 'tis time to charm her asleep with my enchanted Rod,--before I am disgrac'd and ravish'd--

[*Plucks out his Caduceus,*

and strikes her upon the Shoulder with it.]

Brom. What, art thou rebelling against thy anointed Wife? I'll make thee--How now!--What has the Rogue bewitch'd me! I grow dull and stupid on the sudden--I can neither stir Hand nor Foot--[*Yawning*!--I can't so much as wag my Tongue--neither; and that's the last live--ing Part about a--Woman.

[*Falls down.*]

Merc. [*alone*] Lord, what have I suffer'd, for being but a counterfeit marry'd Man one Day: If ever I come to his House, as a Husband again--then--And yet that then was a Lye too--For while I am in Love with this young Gipsy, *Phædra*, I must return---But lie thou there thou Type of *Juno*; thou that want'st nothing of her Tongue, but the Immortality. If *Jupiter* ever let thee set Foot where she is, *Juno* will have a rattling Second of thee.

For two such Tongues will break the Poles asunder;
And, hourly scolding, make perpetual Thunder.

[*Exit Mercury.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE, *before Amphitryon's Palace.**Amphitryon and Sofia.*

Amph. **N**OW Sirrah, follow me into the House-- thou shalt be convinc'd at thy own Cost, Villain! What horrible Lies hast thou told me! such Improbabilities, such Stuff, such Nonsense!--

Sof. I am but a Slave, and you are Master; and a poor Man is always to lie, when a rich Man is pleas'd to contradict him: but as sure as this is our House--

Amph. So sure 'tis thy Place of Execution.

Sof. Hold, dear Sir! if I must have a second Beating, in Conscience let me strip first, that I show you the black and blue Streaks upon my Sides and Shoulders, I am sure I suffer'd them in your Service.

Amph. To what Purpose wou'dst thou show them?

Sof. Why, to the Purpose that you may not strike me upon the sore Places; and that as he beat me the last Night cross-ways, so you wou'd please to beat me long-ways, to make clean Work on't, that at least my Skin may look like Chequer-work.

Amph. This Request is too reasonable to be refus'd: but, that all Things may be done in Order, tell me over again the same Story, with all the Circumstances of thy Commission; that a Blow may follow in due Form for every Lye. To Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Sof. No, it shall be all a Lye if you please, and I'll eat my Words to save my Shoulders.

Amph. Ay, Sirrah, now you find you are to be disprov'd: but 'tis too late: to Repetition, Rogue, to Repetition.

Sof. With all my Heart, to any Repetition but the Cudgel. But wou'd you be pleas'd to answer me one civil Question? Am I to use Complaisance to you, as to a great Person, that will have all Things said your own Way; or am I to tell you the naked Truth alone, without the Ceremony of a farther Beating?

Amph. Nothing but the Truth, and the whole Truth; so help thee Cudgel---

Sof.

Sof. That's a damn'd Conclusion of a Sentence: but since it must be so---Back and Sides, at your own Peril---I set out from the Port in an unlucky Hour; I went darkling, and whistling, to keep myself from being afraid; mumbling Curles betwixt my Teeth, for being sent at such an unnatural Time of Night.

Amph. How, Sirrah, cursing and swearing against your Lord and Master! take--- [Going to strike.]

Sof. Hold, Sir--pray consider, if this be not unreasonable, to strike me for telling the whole Truth, when you commanded me: I'll fall into my old Dog-trot of Lying again, if this must come of plain Dealing.

Amph. To avoid Impertinences, make an End of your Journey; and come to the House: what found you there?

Sof. I found before the Door a swinging Fellow, with all my Shapes and Features, and accoutred also in my Habit.

Amph. Who was that Fellow?

Sof. Who shou'd it be, but another *Sofia*! a certain Kind of other Me: who knew all my unfortunate Commission, precisely to a Word, as well as I *Sofia*; as being sent by yourself from the Port, upon the same Errand to *Alcmena*.

Amph. What gross Absurdities are these?

Sof. O Lord, O Lord! what Absurdities? as plain as any Packstaff. That other Me, had posted himself there before Me, Me---You won't give a Man Leave to speak poetically now; or else I wou'd say, that I was arriv'd at the Door, just before I came thither.

Amph. This must either be a Dream or Drunkenness, or Madness in thee. Leave your Buffooning and Lying, I am not in Humour to bear it, Sirrah.

Sof. I wou'd you shou'd know I scorn a Lye, and am a Man of Honour in every thing, but just Fighting. I tell you once again in plain Sincerity and Simplicity of Heart, that before last Night I never took myself but for one single individual *Sofia*; but coming to our Door, I found myself, I know not how, divided, and as it were split into two *Sofias*.

Amph. Leave Buffooning: I see you would make me laugh, but you play the Fool scurvily.

D

Sof.

Sof. That may be: but if I am a Fool, I am not the only Fool in this Company.

Amph. How now Impudence! I shall---

Sof. Be not in Wrath, Sir: I meant not you. I cannot possibly be the only Fool; for if I am one Fool I must certainly be two Fools; because, as I told you, I am double.

Amph. That One should be Two is very probable!--- A Man had need of Patience to endure this Gibberish--- Be brief, and come to a Conclusion---

Sof. What wou'd you have, Sir; I came thither, but the t'other I was there before me; for that there were two I's, is as certain, as that I have two Eyes in this Head of mine. This *I*, that am here, was weary: the t'other *I* was fresh: this *I* was peaceable, and t'other *I* was a hectoring Bully *I*.

Amph. And thou expect'st I shou'd believe thee?

Sof. No, I am not so unreasonable; for I cou'd never have believ'd it myself if I had not been well beaten into it: but a Cudgel, you know, is a convincing Argument in a brawny Fist. What shall I say, but that I was compell'd at last to acknowledge myself? I found that he was very *I*, without Fraud, Cozen, or Deceit, Besides, I view'd myself, as in a Mirror, from Head to Foot---he was handsome, of a noble Presence, a charming Air, loose and free in all his Motions---and saw he was so much *I*; that I shou'd have Reason to be better satisfied with my own Person, if his Hands had not been a little of the hardest.

Amph. Once again to a Conclusion: Say you pass'd by him, and entered into the House.

Sof. I am a Friend to Truth, and say no such Thing. He defended the Door, and I could not enter.

Amph. How, not enter!

Sof. Why, how shou'd I enter? unless I were a Spright to glide by him, and shoot myself through Locks, and Bolts, and two-inch Boards?

Amph. O Coward! Didst thou not attempt to pass?

Sof. Yes, and was repuls'd, and beaten for my Pains.

Amph. Who beat thee?

Sof. I beat Me.

Amph. Didst thou beat thyself?

Sof.

Sof. I don't mean *I*, here: but the absent *Me* beat me here present.

Amph. There's no End of this intricate Piece of Nonsense,

Sof. 'Tis only Nonsense, because I speak it who am a poor Fellow; but it wou'd be Sense, and substantial Sense, if a Great Man said it, that was back'd with a Title, and the Eloquence of Ten Thousand Pounds a Year.

Amph. No more--but let us enter. Hold; my *Alcmena* is coming out, and has prevented me! how strangely will she be surpriz'd to see me here, so unexpectedly!

Enter Alcmena and Phædra.

Alc. [*To Phæd.*] Make haste after me to the Temple; that we may thank the Gods for this glorious Success, which *Amphitryon* has had against the Rebels.

O Heaven!

[*Seeing him.*

Amph. Those Heav'ns, and all the blest Inhabitants,

[*Saluting her.*

Grant, that the sweet Rewarder of my Pains
May still be kind, as on our Nuptial Night.

Alc. So soon return'd!

Amph. So soon return'd! Is this my Welcome home?

[*Stepping back.*

So soon return'd, says I am come unwish'd!

This is no Language of desiring Love:

Love reckons Hours for Months, and Days for Years;
And every little Absence is an Age.

Alc. What says my Lord?

Amph. No, my *Alcmena*, no:

True Love by its Impatience measures Time,
And the dear Object never comes too soon.

Alc. Nor ever came you so, nor ever shall:
But you yourself are chang'd from what you were,
Pall'd in Desires, and surfeited of Bliss;
Not such as when last Night at your Return
I flew with Transport to your clasping Arms.

Amph. How's this?

Alc. Did you not read your Welcome in my Eyes?
Did you not hear it in my faltering Voice?
Did not the pleasing Tumult shake my Frame,
Nature's spontaneous Proof of sudden Joy

Which

Which no false Love can feign!

Amph. What's this you tell me?

Alc. Far short of Truth, by Heav'n!

My Proofs of Joy, with Joy you then receiv'd,

And gave with Usury back. At Break of Day

You left me with a Sigh; you now return,

Though not unwish'd, yet surely unexpected;

And why shou'd my Surprise be thought a Crime?

Amph. I left you with a Sigh at Break of Day!----

Alc. Yes, for the Camp,---have you forgot, *Amphitryon?*

Amph. Or have you dreamt, *Alcmena?*

Perhaps some kind, revealing Deity,

Has whisper'd, in your Sleep, the pleasing News

Of my Return; and you believ'd it real!

Alc. Some melancholy Vapour, sure, has seiz'd
Your Brain, *Amphitryon*, and disturb'd your Sense;
Or Yesternight is not so long a time,

But you might spare my Blushes, and remember
How kind a Welcome to my Arms I gave you.

Amph. I thank you for my melancholy Vapour.

Alc. 'Tis but a just Requital for my Dream.

Phæd. If my Master thinks fit thus to angle for a
Quarrel, I think he had no great Reason to come back.

[In the mean time *Amph.* and *Alc.* walk by themselves,
and frown at each other as they meet.

Amph. You dare not justify it to my Face.

Alc. Not what?

Amph. That I return'd before this Hour.

Alc. You dare not, sure, deny you came last Night,
And staid till Break of Day.

Amph. O Impudence!---Why *Sofia*!

Sof. Nay, I say nothing; for all Things here may go
by Enchantment (as they did with me) for ought I
know.

Alc. Speak, *Phædra*, was he here?

Phæd. You know, Madam, I am but a Chamber-
maid; and by my Place, I am to forget all that was done
over Night in Love-Matters, unless my Master please to
rub up my Memory with another Diamond.

Amph. Now in the Name of all the Gods, *Alcmena*,
A little recollect your scatter'd Thoughts,

And

And weigh what you have said.

Alc. I weigh'd it well, *Amphitryon*, e'er I spoke;
And she, and *Bromia*, all the Slaves and Servants,
Can witness thy beheld you when you came:
If other Proof be wanting, tell me how
I came to know your Fight, your Victory,
The Death of *Pterelas* in single Combat?--

Amph. [*Turning angrily to Sofia*] Now, Rascal!--you
did not get into the Houle and deliver my Message, did
you? [*going to strike him.*]

Sof. Hold, Sir, for the sake of Truth and Mercy!
---Dear Madam! [*to Alcmena*] as your gentle Nature
is a Friend to distressed Innocence, interpose in my Be-
half.

Alc. [*to Amph.*] Why will you not, *Amphitryon*, an-
swer me?
What in my Question can have turn'd your Rage
On this poor Slave?

Amph. What but gross Falshoods, which he forg'd
to mock me:
And you abet him---But for this---

[*is again going to strike Sofia.*]

Sof. Nay, dear Sir, do not punish me unheard.

Amph. Did you not tell me---

Sof. Yes, I did tell you--and I told you truly, that
when I would have gone into the House I was beaten
away.

Amph. Well, Sirrah, and don't it now appear by
what *Alcmena* says, that you did get in? how else could
she know the News I sent you with, Rascal?

Sof. And don't it appear by my Back and Shoulders,
that I was beaten away? but you will not let a Man pro-
duce his Witnesses---

Amph. Did you not get in? Answer me that, Rogue,
directly, and without Equivocation.

Sof. Why, yes, it is true---and I must confess that
in some Sense, it may be said that I *did* get in; though
it may also in a certain Sense, be truly said, that I was
beaten away.

Amph. Why thou impudent prevaricating---

Sof. Sir, let me beseech you, that Reason may pre-
dominate for my sake, and that you would make such

Distinctions as the Nature of my Case requires: It is true that I *did* get in; and it is true that I *did not* get in; this *I* that is here now, did not get in, but was beaten away by t'other *I*; but that other *I* did get in, and was not beaten away;--there is a *me* me, and there is a *he* me---

Amph. Audacious Slave! 'twere Infamy to spare thee.

Phæd. Do, my Lord, pray spare him till he has told the rest of his Story; it is but beating him a little the more when he has done.

Sof. [*earnestly to Phædra*] It was at that very Door, there it is--here was one *I*, and there was t'other.

Phæd. What, you mean that you squinted and look'd two Ways at once.

Sof. I mean no such Thing---[*he now turns from her and addresses Alcmena.*] It is not easy to make one'self understood in these nice Cases: but I say--hem! I say, that I being become the Duplicate of myself, as to the Body, and the Understanding, did notwithstanding find that there was a Diversity of the Will, and that both in Action and in Sufferance---

Amph. [*fiercely pulling him away*] Be gone---thy Folly tortures me to Madnefs.

Alc. [*interposing*] The same strange Phrensy has possess'd you both;

It was from you, not him, I heard the News.

Amph. From me!

Alc. From you---and when you told me *Pterelas's* Death,

You gave this Jewel, which he used to wear.

Amph. This is amazing!

Have I already given you those Diamonds,
The Present I reserved?

Alc. 'Tis an odd Question:

You see I wear 'em; look.

Amph. Now answer, *Sofia*.

Sof. Yes, now I can answer with a safe Conscience, as to that Point; all the rest may be Art Magick--but, as for the Diamonds, here they are under safe Custody.

Alc. Then what are these upon my Arm? [*To Sofia.*

Sof. Flints, or Pebbles, or some such Trumpery of enchanted Stones. Yet now I think on't, Madam, did

not

not a certain Friend of mine present 'em to you?

Alc. What Friend?

Sof. Why another *Sofia*; one that made himself *Sofia* in my despite, and also Unsofiated me.

Amph. Sirrah, leave thy nauseous Nonsense; break open the Seal, and take out the Diamonds.

Sof. More Words than one to a Bargain, Sir, I thank you: That's no Part of Prudence for me to commit Burglary upon the Seals. Do you look first upon the Signet, and tell me in your Conscience, whether the Seals be not as firm as when you clapt the Wax upon them.

Amph. The Signature is firm. [Looking.

Sof. Then take the Signature into your own Custody, and open it; for I will have nothing done at my proper Peril.

[Giving him the Casket.

Amph. O Heav'ns! here's nothing but an empty Space, the Nest where they were laid.

[Breaking open the Seal.

Sof. Then if the Birds are flown, the Fault's not mine. Here has been fine conjuring Work! or else the Jewel, knowing to whom it should be given, took Occasion to steal out, by a natural Instinct, and ty'd itself to that pretty Arm.

Amph. Can this be possible!

Sof. Yes, very possible: You, my Lord *Amphitryon*, may have brought forth another You my Lord *Amphitryon*; as well as I *Sofia* have brought forth another Me *Sofia*; and our Diamonds may have procreated these Diamonds; and so we are all three double.

Phæd. If this be true, I hope my golden Goblet has gigg'd another golden Goblet; and then they may carry double upon all four. [aside.

Alc. My Lord, I have stood silent, out of Wonder What you could wonder at.

Amph. A chilling Sweat, a Damp of Jealousy, Hangs on my Brows, and clams upon my Limbs. I fear, and yet I must be satisfy'd:

And to be satisfy'd, I must dissemble. [aside.

Alc. Why muse you so, and murmur to yourself? If you repent your Bounty take it back.

Amph. Not so, but, if you please, relate what pass

At

At our last Interview.

Alc. That Question would infer you were not here.

Amph. I say not so;

I only wou'd refresh my Memory,

And have my Reasons to desire the Story.

Alc. The Story is not long: you know I met you,
Kiss'd you and press'd you close within my Arms.

Amph. I cou'd have spar'd that Kindness. [*aside.*

And what did I?

[*To her.*

Alc. You strain'd me with a masculine Embrace.

Amph. Go on---

[*aside*] And stab me with each Syllable thou speak'st.

Alc. I have no more to say.

Amph. Why, went we not to Bed?

Alc. Why not?

Is it a Crime for Husband and for Wife

To go to Bed my Lord?

Amph. Perfidious Woman!

Alc. Ungrateful Man!

Amph. She justifies it too!

Alc. I need not justify: of what am I accus'd?

Amph. Of that Prodigality of Kindness

Giv'n to another, and usurp'd from me.

So bless me Heav'n, if since my first Departure,

I ever set my Foot upon this Threshold.

Alc. Then I, it seems, am false!

Amph. As surely false, as what thou say'st is true.

Alc. I have betray'd my Honour, and my Love!

And am a foul Adultress!

Amph. What thou art,

Thou stand'st condemn'd to be by thy Relation.

Alc. Go, thou unworthy Man; for ever go:

No more my Husband! Go thou base Impostor;

Who tak'st a vile Pretence to taint my Fame;

And, not content to leave, wou'd'st ruin me.

Enjoy thy wish'd Divorce: I will not plead

My Innocence of this pretended Crime:

I need not; do thy worst, I fear thee not:

For know, the more thou wou'dst expose my Virtue,

Like purest Linen laid in open Air,

'Twill bleach the more, and whiten to the View.

Amph. 'Tis well thou art prepar'd for thy Divorce:

For,

For, know thou too, that after this Affront,
This foul Indignity, done to my Honour,
Divorcement is but petty Reparation.
But, since thou hast, with Impudence, affirm'd
My false Return, and brib'd my Slaves to vouch it,
The Truth shall in the Face of *Thebes* be clear'd ;
Thy Uncle, the Companion of my Voyage,
And all the Crew of Sea-men shall be brought,
Who were embark'd and came with me to Land,
Nor parted, till I reach'd this cursed Door:
So shall this Vision of my late Return
Stand a detected Lye; and woe to those
Who thus betray'd my Honour.

Sof. Sir, shall I wait on you?

Amph. No I will go alone: Expect me here.

[Exit Amphitryon.]

Phæd. Please you---that I---

[To Alcmena.]

Alc. O! Nothing now can please me:
Darkness, and Solitude, and Sighs, and Tears,
And all the inseparable Train of Grief,
Attend my Steps for ever--

[Exit Alcmena.]

Sof. What if I shou'd lye now, and say we have been
here before? I never saw any Good that came of telling
Truth.

[aside.]

Phæd. He makes no more Advances to me: I begin
a little to suspect, that my Gold Goblet will prove but
Copper.

[aside.]

Sof. Yes, 'tis resolv'd--I will lye abominably, against
the Light of my own Conscience. For suppose the other
Sofia has been here: perhaps that strong Dog has not
only beaten me, but also has misus'd my Wife! Now,
by asking certain Questions of her, with a Side-Wind,
I may come to understand how Squares go; and whether
my Nuptial Bed be violated.

[aside.]

Phæd. Most certainly he has learn'd Impudence of his
Master, and will deny his being here; but that shall not
serve his Turn to cheat me of my Present!---
Why *Sofia*! What in a brown Study?

[aside.]

Sof. A little *cogitabund*, or so, concerning this dismal
Revolution in our Family.

Phæd. But that shou'd not make you neglect your
Duty to me, your Mistress.

Sof.

Sof. Pretty Soul: I wou'd thou wert; upon Condition that old *Bromia* were six Foot under Ground.

Pæd. What is all your hot Courtship to me dwindled into a poor unprofitable Wish? You may remember I did not bid you absolutely despair.

Sof. No, for all Things yet may be accommodated, in an amicable Manner, betwixt my Master and my Lady.

Phæd. I mean, to the Business, betwixt you and me--

Sof. Why, I hope we two never quarrell'd.

Phæd. Must I remember you of a certain Promise that you made me at our last Parting?

Sof. O, when I went to the Army; that I shou'd still be praising thy Beauty to Judge *Gripus*, and keep up his Affections to thee.

Phæd. No, I mean the Business betwixt you and me this Morning--that you promis'd me---

Sof. That I promis'd thee---I find it now: That strong Dog, my Brother *Sofia*, has been here before me, and made Love to her. *[aside.*

Phæd. You are considering, whether or no you should keep your Promise---

Sof. No, sweet Creature, the Promise shall not be broken; but what I have undertaken, I will preform like a Man of Honour.

Phæd. Then you Remember the Preliminaries of the Present--

Sof. Yes, yes, in gross I do Remember something; but this Disturbance of the Family has somewhat stupify'd my Memory: Some pretty *Quelque chose*, I warrant thee; some acceptable Toy, of small Value.

Phæd. You may call a Gold Goblet a Toy: but I put a greater Value upon your Presents.

Sof. A Gold Goblet, say'st thou: Yes, now I think on't, it was a kind of a Gold Goblet; as a Gratuity---

Phæd. No, no; I had rather make sure of one Bribe before-hand, than be promis'd ten Gratuities.

Sof. Yes, now I remember, it was, in some Sense, a Gold Goblet, by way of earnest; and it contain'd--

Phæd. One large---

Sof. How one large---

Phæd. Gallon.

Sof.

Sof. No; that was somewhat too large, in Conscience: It was not a whole Gallon; but it may contain, reasonably speaking, one large---Thimble-full. But Gallons and Thimble-fulls are so like, that, in speaking, I might easily mistake them.

Phæd. Is it come to this? Out, Traitor!

Sof. I had been a Traitor, indeed, to have betray'd thee to the swallowing of a Gallon; but a Thimble-full of Cordial-water is easily sift off: and then, this same Goblet is so very light too, that it will be no Burden to carry it about with thee in thy Pocket.

Phæd. O Apostate to thy Love! O perjur'd Villain!

Enter Bromia.

What are you here, *Bromia*! I was telling him his own: I was giving him a Rattle for his Treacheries to you, his Love: You see I can be a Friend, upon Occasion.

Brom. Ay, Chicken, I never doubted of thy Kindness: but, for this Fugitive---this Rebel---this Miscreant---

Sof. A kind Welcome to an absent Lover, as I have been.

Brom. Ay; and a kind Greeting you gave me, at your Return; when you us'd me so barbarously this Morning.

Sof. Ay, the t'other *Sofia* has been with her too; and has us'd her barbarously: barbarously, that is to say, uncivilly; and uncivilly, I am afraid that means too civilly

[*aside.*]

Phæd. You had best deny you were here this Morning! And by the same Token--

Sof. Nay, no more Tokens, for Heaven's Sake, dear

Phædra. Now must I again ponder with myself a little, whether it be better for me to have been here, or not to have been here, this Morning.

[*aside.*]

Enter a Servant.

Serv. *Phædra*, my Lord's without; and will not enter till he has first spoken with you. [*Exit Servant.*]

Phæd. [*To him in private*] O, that I cou'd stay to help to worry thee for this Abuse; but the best on't is, I leave thee in good Hands---Farewell, Thimble,---To him, *Bromia*.

[*Exit Phædra.*]

Brom.

Sof.

Brom. No; to be sure you did not beat me, and put me into a Swoon, and deprive me of the natural Use of my Tongue for a long half Hour: You did not beat me down with your little Wand: But I shall teach you to use your Rod another Time-----I shall.

Sof. Put her into a Swoon, with my little Wand, and so forth: That's more than ever I could do. These are terrible Circumstances, that some *Sofia* or other has been here: [*aside*] Well, but *Bromia*--if I did beat thee down with my litte Wand, I warrant I was monstrous kind to thee afterwards.

Brom. Yes, monstrous kind indeed! You never said a truer Word; for, when I came to kiss you, you pull'd away your Mouth, and turn'd your Cheek to me.

Sof. Good.

Brom. How, Good! Here's fine Impudence: What, do you insult upon me too?

Sof. No, I do not insult upon you:--But, for a certain Reason, that I best know, I am glad that Matter ended so fairly and peaceably betwixt us.

Brom. Yes, 'twas very fair and peaceably; to strike a Woman down, and beat her most outrageously.

Sof. Is it possible that I drubb'd thee?

Brom. I find your Drift---You wou'd fain be provoking me to a new Trial now: But i'faith, you shall bring me to no more Handy-blows----I shall make bold to trust to my Tongue hereafter. You never durst have offer'd to hold up a Finger against me, till you went a Trooping.

Sof. Then I am Conqueror; and I laud my own Courage. This Renown I have atchiev'd by Soldiership and Stratagem. Know your Duty, Spouse, henceforward, to your supreme Commander. [*Strutting.*]

Enter Jupiter and Phædra.

Phæd. Indeed I wonder'd at your quick Return.

Jup. Ev'n so Almighty Love wou'd have it, *Phædra*; And the stern Goddess of sweet-bitter Cares, Who bows our Necks beneath her brazen Yoke. I wou'd have mann'd my Heart, and held it out: But, when I thought of what I had possess'd; Those Joys, that never end but to begin, My Duty soon was overborne; I scorn'd

The

The busy Malice of censorious Tongues,
And careles to conceal my stolen Journey,
Determin'd one Day more to spend in *Thebes*.

Phæd. And yet a second Time you left *Alcmena*,
With Looks unkind that threaten'd longer Absence.
'Twas but ev'n now-----

Jup. Wou'd it had never been!
I die to make my Peace.

Phæd. 'Tis difficult.

Jup. But nothing is impossible to Love;
To Love like mine: for I have prov'd its Force.
If I submit, there's Hope.

Phæd. It is possible I may solicit for you.

Jup. But wilt thou promise me to do thy best?

Phæd. Nay, I promise nothing----unless you begin
To promise first.

Jup. I wo't not be ungrateful.

Phæd. Well; I'll try to bring her to you.

Jup. That's all I ask:

And I will so reward thee, gentle *Phædra*----

Phæd. What with the sweet Sound of "gentle *Phædra*," and "my kind Advocate."-----

Jup. No, there's a Sound will please thee better.

[*Throwing her a Purse*

Phæd. Ay, there's something of Melody in this
Sound.

I could dance all Day, to the Music of *Chink, Chink*.

[*Exit Phæd.*

Jup. Go, *Sofia*,

To *Polidas*, to *Tranio*, and to *Gripus*,
Companions of our War: invite 'em all
To join their Pray'rs to smoothe *Alcmena's* Brow;
And, with a solemn Feast, to crown the Day.

Sof. [*Taking Jupiter about the Knees*] Let me embrace
you, Sir.-----[*Jupiter pushes him away*] Nay, you
must give me leave to express my Gratitude. I have
not eaten, to say eating, nor drunk, to say drinking,
never since our villainous encamping so near the Enemy.

Jup. You *Bromia*, see that all Things be prepar'd
With that Magnificence, as if some God
Were Guest, or Master here.

E

Sof.

The

Sof. Or, rather, as much as if twenty Gods were to be Guests, or Masters here.

Brom. That you may eat for to-day, and to-morrow.

Sof. Or, rather again, for To-day and Yesterday; and as many Months backward, as I am indebted to my own Belly.

Jup. Away both of you.

[*Exeunt Sofia and Bromia severally.*]

Now I have pack'd him hence; thou, other *Sofia*,
(Who tho' thou art not present, hear'st my Voice)
Be ready to attend me at my Call,
And to supply his Place.

Enter Mercury to Jupiter; Alcmena and Phædra also enter, but Alcmena, seeing Jupiter, turns back and retires frowning.

Jup. See, she appears!

[*Seeing Alcmena.*]

O stay.

Merc. She's gone; and seem'd to frown at parting.

Jup. Follow, and thou shalt see her soon appear'd;
For I, who made her, know her inward State:
No Woman, once well pleas'd, can throughly hate
I gave 'em Beauty, to subdue the Strong;
(A mighty Empire, but it lasts not long.)
I gave 'em Pride, to make Mankind their Slave;
But, in exchange, to Men I Flattery gave,
Th'offending Lover, when he lowest lies,
Submits, to conquer; and but kneels, to rise.

ACT. IV. SCENE I.

Jupiter following Alcmena; Mercury and Phædra.

Jup. O STAY my dear *Alcmena*, hear me speak.

Alcm. No, I wou'd fly thee to the Ridge
of Earth;

And leap the Precipice, to 'scape thy Sight.

Jup. For Pity----

Alcm. Leave me, thou ungrateful Man!
I hate myself, for having lov'd thee once.

Jup. Hate not the best and fairest of your Kind:
Nor can you hate your Lover, tho' you wou'd.

Your

Your Tears, that fall so gently, are but Grief:
There may be Anger; but there must be Love.
The Dove that murmurs at her Mate's Neglect,
But counterfeits a Coyneſs to be courted.

Alcm. Courtſhip from thee, and after ſuch Affronts!

Jup. Is this that everlaſting Love you vow'd, laſt Night?

Alcm. Think what thou wert, and who cou'd ſwear too much?

Think what thou art, and that abſolves the Oath.

Jup. Can you forſake me, for ſo ſmall a Fault?

'Twas but a Jeſt, perhaps too far purſu'd;

'Twas but, at moſt, a Trial of your Faith,

How you could bear Unkindneſs:

'Twas but to get a reconciling Kiſs,

A wanton Stratagem of Love.

Alcm. See how he doubles, like a hunted Hare!

A Jeſt, and then a Trial, and a Bait;----

Jup. Think me Jealous, then.

Alcm. O that I could, for that's a noble Crime;

And which a Lover can, with Eaſe, forgive:

'Tis the high Pulse of Paſſion, in a Fever;

A ſickly Draught but ſhews a burning Thirſt:

Thine was a Surfeit, not a Jealouſy:

And in that Loathing of thy ſatiate Love,

Thou ſaw'ſt the odious Object with Diſdain.

Jup. O think not that: For you are ever new--

Your Fruits of Love, like thoſe of endleſs Spring

In happy Climes, where ſome are in the Bud,

Some green, and ripening ſome, while others fall.

Alc. Ay, now you tell me this. Your puny Paſſion,

Like the deprav'd Deſires of fretful Sickneſs,

Raves in ſhort Fits of Craving and Diſguſt:

This Morn at Break of Day you wou'd be gone;

Then chang'd your Purpoſe and came back; then rag'd

Be cauſe th'Eſſect of Chance was not foreſeen;

Then left me in diſguſt, with Inſult too;

And now, return'd again, you talk of Love.

But never hope to be receiv'd again:

You wou'd again deny you were receiv'd,

And brand my ſpotleſs Fame.

Jup. I will not dare to juſtify my Crime:

No,

No, I confess I have deserv'd your Hate.
 Too charming Fair, I kneel for your Forgiveness :
 I beg by those fair Eyes, [Kneeling.
 Which gave me Wounds that Time can never cure ;
 Receive my Sorrows, and restore my Joys.

Alcm. Unkind, and cruel ! I can speak no more.

Jup. O give it vent, *Alcmena*, give it vent ;
 I merit your Reproach, I wou'd be curs'd :
 Let your Tongue curse me, while your Heart forgives.

Alc. Can I forget such Usage ?

Jup. Can you hate me ?

Alc. I'll do my best : for sure I ought to hate you.

Jup. That Word was only hatch'd upon your
 Tongue,

It came not from your Heart. But try again ;
 And if, once more, you can but say, I hate you,
 My Sword shall do you Justice.

Alc. Then, I hate you----

Jup. Then you pronounce the Sentence of my
 Death ?

Alc. I hate you much;----but yet I love you more.

Jup. To prove that Love, then say, that you for-
 give me:

For there remains but this Alternative ;
 Resolve to pardon, or to punish me:

Alc. Alas, what I resolve, appears too plain :
 In saying that I cannot hate I pardon.

Jup. But what's a Pardon worth, without a Seal ?
 Permit me, in this Transport of my Joy---

[Kisses her Hand.

Alc. Forbear ; I am offended with myself,

[Putting him gently away with her Hand.

That I have shewn this Weakness----Let me go.

[Going and looking back on him.

But come not you ;
 Lest I should spoil you with Excess of Fondness,
 And let you love again----- [Exit *Alcmena*.

Jup. Forbidding me to follow, she invites me. [aside.
 This is the Mould of which I made the Sex :

I gave 'em but one Tongue to say us nay ;
 And two kind Eyes, to grant. Be sure that none [To *Mer*.
 Approach, to interrupt us. [Exit *Jup.* after *Alc.*

Mercury

Mercury and Phædra remain.

Merc. Your Lady has made the Challenge of Reconciliation to my Lord: Here's a fair Example for us two, *Phædra.*

Phæd. No Example at all, *Sofia*: For my Lady had the Diamonds before-hand, and I have none of the Gold Goblet.

Merc. The Goblet shall be forth-coming, if thou wilt give me Weight for Weight.

Phæd. Yes, and Measure for Measure too, *Sofia*: That is, for a Thimble full of Gold, a Thimble full of Love.

Merc. What think you now, *Phædra*? Here's a weighty Argument of Love for you!

[Pulling out the Goblet in a Case from under his Cloak.]

Phæd. Now *Jupiter* of his Mercy, let me kiss thee, O thou dear Metal! *[Taking it in both Hands.]*

Merc. And *Venus* of her Mercy, let me kiss thee, dear, dear *Phædra.*

Phæd. Not so fast, *Sofia*! there's an unlucky Proverb in your way---*Many Things happen betwixt the Cup and the Lip*, you know.

Merc. Why, thou wilt not cheat me of my Goblet?

Phæd. Yes; as sure as you would cheat me of my Maiden-head: I am but just even with you, for the Trick you play'd me. And, besides, this is but a bare retaining Fee; you must give me another before the Cause is open'd.

Merc. Shall I not come to your Bed-side To-night?

Phæd. No, nor To-morrow Night neither: But this shall be my Sweetheart in your Place; 'tis a better Bed-fellow, and will keep me warmer in cold Weather.

[Exit Phædra.]

Mercury alone.

Merc. Now, what's the God of Wit in a Woman's Hand? This very Goblet I stole from *Gripos*; and he got it out of Bribes too. But this is the common Fate of ill-gotten Goods, that, as they came in by Covetousness, they go out by Whoring-----

Enter Amphitryon.

O, here's *Amphitryon* again, but I'll manage him above in the Balcony.

[Exit Mercury.]

Amph.

Amph. Not one of those I look'd for to be found!
 Has some Enchantment hid 'em from my Sight?
 Perhaps, as *Sofia* says, 'tis Witchcraft all:
 Seals may be open'd, Diamonds may be stoln;
 But how I came, in Person, Yesterday,
 And gave that Present to *Alcmena's* Hands,
 That which I never gave, nor ever came,
 O there's the Rock, on which my Reason splits.
 Wou'd that were all! I fear my Honour, too!
 I'll try her once again: She may be mad:----
 A wretched Remedy! but all I have,
 To keep me from Despair.

How now! what means the locking up of my
 Doors at this Time of Day? [Knocks.]

Merc. [above] Softly, Friend, softly! You knock as
 loud, and as saucily, as a Lord's Footman, that was
 sent before him, to warn the Family of his Lordship's
 Visit. Sure, you think the Doors have no Feeling!
 What the Devil are you that rap with such Authority?

Amph. Look out, and see: 'Tis I.

Merc. You? What you?

Amph. No more, I say, but open.

Merc. I'll know to whom first.

Amph. I am one that can command the Doors open.

Merc. Then you had best command them, and try
 whether they will obey you.

Amph. Dost thou not know me?

Merc. Pr'ythee, how should I know thee? dost thou
 take me for a Conjuror?

Amph. What's this Midsummer-Moon? Is all the
 World gone a Madding? Why *Sofia*!

Merc. That's my Name indeed: Didst thou think I
 had forgot it?

Amph. Dost thou see me?

Merc. Why, dost thou pretend to go invisible? If
 thou hast any Business here, dispatch it quickly; I have
 no Leisure to throw away upon such prattling Compa-
 nions.

Amph. Thy Companion, Slave! How dar'st thou
 use this insolent Language to thy Master?

Merc. How! Thou my Master! By what Title? I
 never had any other Master but *Amphitryon*.

Amph.

Amph. Well; and for whom dost thou take me?

Merc. For some Rogue or other; but what Rogue I know not.

Amph. Dost thou not know me for *Amphitryon*, Slave!

Merc. How shou'd I know thee, when I see thou dost not know thyself? Thou *Amphitryon*! In what Tavern hast thou been? and how many Bottles did thy Business, to metamorphose thee into my Lord?

Amph. I will so drub thee for this Insolence!

Merc. How now, Impudence! are you threatening your Betters? I should bring you to condign Punishment, but that I have a great Respect for the good Wine, tho' I find it in a Fool's Noddle.

Amph. What none to let me in? Why *Phædra*! *Bromia*!

Merc. Peace, Fellow; if my Wife hears thee, we are both undone. At a Word, *Phædra* and *Bromia* are very busy; and my Lady and my Lord must not be disturbed.

Amph. Amazement seizes me!

Merc. At what art thou amaz'd? My Lord *Amphitryon* and my Lady *Alcmena* had a falling out, and are retir'd, without Seconds, to decide the Quarrel. If thou wert not a meddlesome Fool, thou wouldst not be thrusting thy Nose into other Peoples Matters. Get thee about thy Business, if thou hast any; for I'll hear no more of thee. *[Exit Mercury from above.]*

Amph. Brav'd by my Slave, dishonour'd by my Wife! To what a desp'rate Plunge am I reduc'd, If this be true the Villain says? But why That feeble If! It must be true; she owns it. Now, whether to conceal, or blaze th'Affront? One way, I spread my Infamy abroad; And, t'other, hide a burning Coal within, That preys upon my Vitals: I can fix On nothing, but on Vengeance.

Enter to him *Sofia*, *Polidas*, *Gripus*, and *Tranio*.

Grip. Yonder he is; walking hastily to and fro, before his Door; like a Citizen, clapping his Sides before his Shop, in a frosty Morning: 'Tis to catch a Stomach, I believe.

Sof. I begin to be afraid, that he has more Stomach
to

to my Sides and Shoulders, than to his own Victuals. How he shakes his Head! and stamps! and what Strides he fetches! He's in one of his damn'd Moods again: I don't like the Looks of him.

Amph. Oh, my mannerly, fair spoken, obedient Slave, are you there! I can reach you now, without climbing: Now we shall try who's drunk, and who's sober.

Sof. Why this is as it should be: I was somewhat suspicious that you were in a pestilent Humour. Yes, we will have a Crash at the Bottle, when your Lordship pleases: I have summon'd 'em, you see; and they are notable Topers, especially Judge *Gripus*.

Grip. Yes, faith; I never refuse my Glass, in a good Quarrel.

Amph. [To *Sofia*] Why, thou insolent Villain; I'll teach a Slave how to use his Master thus.

Sof. Here's a fine Business towards! I am sure I ran as fast as ever my Legs could carry me, to call 'em: nay you may trust my Diligence, in all Affairs belonging to the Belly.

Grip. He has been very faithful to his Commission, I'll bear him witness.

Amph. How can you be Witness where you were not present? the Balcony! Sirrah, the Balcony!

Sof. Why, to my best Remembrance, you never invited the Balcony.

Amph. What Nonsense dost thou plead for an Excuse of thy foul Language, and thy base Replies!

Sof. You fright a Man out of his Senses, first; and blame him afterwards for talking Nonsense:--but 'tis better for me to talk Nonsense, than for some to do Nonsense: I will say that, whatever come on't. Pray Sir, let all Things be done decently: what, I hope, when a Man is to be hang'd, he is not truss'd upon the Gallows like a dumb Dog, without telling him wherefore.

Amph. By your Pardon, Gentlemen; I have no longer Patience to forbear him.

Sof. Justice, Justice! my Lord *Gripus*; as you are a true Magistrate, protect me. Here's a Process of beating going forward without Sentence given.

Grip.

Grip. My Lord *Amphitryon*, this must not be: let me first understand the Demerits of the Criminal.

Sof. Hold you to that Point, I beseech your Honour, as you commiserate the Case of a poor innocent Malefactor.

Amph. To shut the Door against me, in my very Face! to deny me Entrance! to brave me from the Balcony! to laugh at me! to threaten me! what Proofs of Innocence call you these? But if I punish not this Insolence---

[*Is going to beat him, and is held by Polidas and Tranio.*
I beg you let me go----

Sof. I charge you in the King's Name, hold him fast; for you see he is bloodily dispos'd.

Grip. Now, what hast thou to say for thyself *Sofia*?

Sof. I say in the first Place,--be sure you hold him, Gentlemen; for I shall never plead worth one Farthing, while I am bodily afraid.

Pol. Speak boldly; I warrant thee.

Sof. Then if I may speak boldly, under my Lord's Favour,---I do not say he lyes neither: no, I am too well bred for that; but his Lordship fibbs most abominably.

Amph. Do you hear his Impudence? Yet will you let me go?

Sof. No Impudence at all, my Lord: For how cou'd I, naturally speaking, be in the Balcony and affronting you; when at the same time I was in every Street of *Thebes*, inviting these Gentlemen to Dinner?

Grip. Hold a little: how long since was it that he spoke to you, from the said Balcony?

Amph. Just now; not a Minute before he brought you hither.

Sof. Now speak my Witnesses.

Grip. I can answer for him, for this last half Hour.

Pol. And I.

Tran. And I.

Sof. Now judge equitably, Gentlemen; whither I was not a civil well-bred Person, to tell my Lord he fibbs only?

Amph. Who gave you that Order to invite 'em?

Sof. He that best might; yourself. By the same Token,

ken, you bid old *Bromia* provide and 'twere for a God; and I put in for a Brace, or a Leash: no, now I think on't, it was for ten Couple of Gods, to make sure of Plenty.

Amph. When did I give thee this pretended Commission?

Sof. Why you gave me this pretended Commission, just after you had given *Phædra* a Purse of Gold to bring you and my Lady together, that you might try to make up Matters with her after your Quarrel.

Amph. Where, in what Place, did I give this Order?

Sof. Here, in this Place, in the Presence of this very Door, and of that Balcony: and if they cou'd speak, they wou'd both justify it.

Amph. O Heaven! these Accidents are so surprizing, the more I think of 'em, the more I am lost in my Imagination.

Grip. Nay, he told us some Passages as he came along, that seems to surpass the Power of Nature.

Sof. What think you now, my Lord, of a certain twin Brother of mine, call'd *Sofia*? 'tis a sly Youth: pray Heaven you have not just such another Relation within Doors, call'd *Amphitryon*. It may be it was he that put upon me in your Likeness: and perhaps he may have put something upon your Lordship too, that may weigh heavy upon the Forehead.

Amph. [*To those who hold him*] Let me go---*Sofia* may be innocent, and I will not hurt him:---Open the Door, I'll resolve my Doubts immediately.

Sof. The Door is peremptory that it will not be open'd without Keys: and my Brother, on the inside, is in Possession; and will not part with 'em.

Amph. Then 'tis manifest that I am affronted; break open the Door there.

Grip. Stir not a Man of you to his Assistance.

Amph. Dost thou take part with my Adultress too, because she is thy Niece?

Grip. I take Part with nothing, but the Law; and to break the Doors open is to break the Law.

Amph. Do thou command them then.

Grip. I command nothing without my Warrant; and my Clerk is not here to take his Fees for drawing it.

Amph.

Amph. [*aside*] The Devil take all Justice-brokers:--- I curse him too when I have been hunting him all over the Town, to be my Witness!---But I'll bring Soldiers to force open the Doors by my own Commission.

[*Exit Amphitryon.*]

Sof. Pox o' these Forms of Law, to defeat a Man of a Dinner, when he's sharp set! 'Tis against the Privilege of a Free-born Stomach; and is no less than Subversion of Fundamentals.

Jup. [*above in the Balcony*] O, my Friends, I am sorry I have made you wait so long: You are welcome; and the Door shall be open'd to you immediately. [*Ex. Ju.*]

Grip. Was not that *Amphitryon*?

Sof. Why, who shou'd it be else?

Grip. In all Appearance it was he: But how got he thither?

Pol. In such a Trice too!

Tran. And after he had just left us!

Grip. And so much alter'd, for the better, in his Humour?

Sof. Here's such a Company of foolish Questions, when a Man's hungry: You had best stay Dinner till he has prov'd himself to be *Amphitryon* in form of Law. But I'll make short Work of that Business; for I'll take mine Oath 'tis he.

Grip. I should be glad it were.

Sof. How, glad it were! with your damn'd Interrogatories----when you ought to be thankful that so it is.

Grip. [*aside*] That I may see my Mistress *Phædra*, and present her with my great Gold Goblet.

Sof. If this be not the true *Amphitryon*, I wish I may be kept without Doors, fasting, and biting my own Fingers for want of Victuals; and that's a dreadful Imprecation! I am for the inviting, and eating, and treating *Amphitryon*; I am sure 'tis he that is my lawfully begotten Lord: And if you had an Ounce of true Justice in you, you ought to have laid hold on t'other *Amphitryon*, and committed him for a Rogue, and an Impostor, and a Vagabond. [*The Door is opened.*]

Merc. [*from within*] Enter quickly, Masters: The Passage on the Right-hand leads to the Gallery, where my Lord expects you---For I am call'd another way.

[*Gripus,*

[Gripus, Tranio, and Polidas go into the House.]

Sof. I should know that Voice, by a secret Instinct: 'Tis a Tongue of my Family; and belongs to my Brother *Sofia*---It must be so; for it carries a cudgelling Kind of Sound in it---But, put the worst--let me weigh this Matter wisely--Here's a Beating and a Belly-full, against no Beating and no Belly-full. The beating is bad; but the Dinner is good: Now, not to be beaten, is but negatively good; but not to fill my Belly, is positively bad--Upon the whole Matter, my final Resolution is, to take the Good and the Bad as they come together. [*Is entering: Mercury meets him at the Door.*]

Mer. Whither now, you Kitchen-skum? From whence this Impudence, to enter here without Permission?

Sof. Most illustrious Sir! My Ticket is my Hunger. Shew the full Bowels of your Compassion, to the empty Bowels of my Famine.

Merc. Were you not charg'd to return no more? I'll cut you into Quarters, and hang you upon the Shambles.

Sof. You'll get but little Credit by me: Alas, Sir, I am but mere Carrion! Brave *Sofia*, compassionate Coward *Sofia*; and beat not thyself, in beating me.

Merc. Who gave you that Privilege, Sirrah, to assume my Name? Have you not been sufficiently warn'd of it; and receiv'd Part of Punishment already?

Sof. May it please you, Sir, the Name is big enough for both of us. I would have obey'd you, and quitted my Title to it; but, where-ever I come, the malicious World will call me *Sofia*, in spite of me. I am sensible there are two *Amphitryons*; and why may not there be two *Sofias*? Let those two cut one another's Throats at their own Pleasure; but you and I will be wiser, by my Consent, and hold good Intelligence together.

Merc. No, no: Two *Sofias* would make but two Fools.

Then let me be the Fool, and be you the prudent Person; and chuse for yourself some wiser Name: Or you shall be the eldest Brother; and I'll be content to be the younger, tho' I lose my Inheritance.

Merc. I tell thee I am the only Son of our Family.

Sof.

Sof. Ah! Then let me be your Bastard Brother, and the Son of a Whore--I hope that's but reasonable.

Merc. No, thou shalt not disgrace my Father: for there are few Bastards now-a-days worth owning.

Sof. Ah! poor *Sofia*! What will become of thee?

Merc. Yet again profanely using my proper Name?

Sof. I did not mean myself---I was thinking of another *Sofia*, a poor Fellow, that was once of my Acquaintance, unfortunately banish'd out of Doors, when Dinner was just coming upon the Table.

Enter Phædra.

Phæd. *Sofia*, you and I must---Bless me! what have we here---a Couple of you! or do I see double?

Sof. I would fain bring it about, that I might make one of 'em: But he's unreasonable, and will needs incorporate me, and swallow me whole into himself. If he would be content to be but one and a half, 'twould never grieve me.

Merc. 'Tis a perverse Rascal! I kick him, and cudgel him to no Purpose; for still he's obstinate to stick to me: And I can never beat him out of my Resemblance.

Phæd. Which of you two is *Sofia*? for t'other must be the Devil.

Sof. You had best ask him, that has play'd the Devil with my Back and Sides.

Merc. You had best ask him, who gave you the Gold Goblet.

Phæd. No, that's already given: but he shall be my *Sofia*, that will give me such another.

Merc. I find you have been interloping, Sirrah.

Sof. No, indeed, Sir! I only promis'd her a Gold Thimble; which was as much as comes to my Proportion of being *Sofia*.

Phæd. This is no *Sofia* for my Money: beat him away, t'other *Sofia*; he grows insufferable.

Sof. [*aside*] Wou'd I were valiant, that I might beat him away; and succeed him at the Dinner, for a pragmatical Son of a Whore as he is----

Merc. What's that you are muttering betwixt your Teeth, of a Son of a Whore, Sirrah?

Sof. I am sure I meant you no Offence; for, if I am not *Sofia*, I am the Son of a Whore, for ought I know:

F

and,

and, if you are *Sofia*, you may be the Son of a Whore, for ought you know.

Merc. Whatever I am, I will be *Sofia*, as long as I please: and whenever you visit me, you shall be sure of the Civility of the Cudgel.

Sof. If you will promise to beat me into the House, you may begin when you please with me: but to be beaten out of the House, at Dinner-time, Flesh and Blood can never bear it.

[*Mercury beats him about, and Sofia is still making towards the Door, but Mercury gets betwixt; and at length drives him off the Stage.*]

Phæd. In the Name of Wonder, what are you that are *Sofia*, and are not *Sofia*?

Merc. If thou wouldst know more of me, my Person is freely at thy disposing.

Phæd. Then I dispose of it to you again; for 'tis so ugly, 'tis not for my Use.

Merc. I can be ugly or handsome, as I please; go to Bed old, and rise young. I have so many Suits of Persons by me, I can shift 'em when I will.

Phæd. You are a Fool then, to put on your worst Clothes, when you come a wooing.

Merc. Go to: ask no more Questions. I am for thy Turn; for I know thy Heart, and see all thou hast about thee. In thy right Pocket---let me see--- three Love-Letters from Judge *Gripus*, written to the Bottom, on three Sides; full of Fustian Passion, and hearty Nonsense: as also in the same Pocket, a Letter of thine intended to him; consisting of nine Lines and a half, scrawl'd and false spell'd, to shew thou art a Woman.

Phæd. Is the Devil in you, to see all this? Now, for Heaven's Sake, do not look in t'other Pocket---

Merc. Nay, there's nothing there, but a bawdy Lam-poon, and---

Phæd. [*Giving a great Frisk*] Look no farther, I beseech you---

Merc. And a Silver Spoon---

Phæd. [*Shrieking*] Ah!

Merc. Which you purloin'd last Night from *Bromia*.

Phæd. Keep my Counsel, or I am undone for ever.

[*Holding up her Hands to him.*]

Merc.

Merc. No: I'll mortify thee, now I have an Handle to thy Iniquity, if thou wilt not love me-----

Phæd. Well, if you'll promise me to be secret, I will love you: because indeed I dare do no other.

Merc. 'Tis a good Girl---I will be secret; and further, I will be assisting to thee in thy filching: for thou and I were born under the same Planet.

Phæd. And we shall come to the same End too, I'm afraid.

Merc. No, no; since thou hast Wit enough already to cozen a Judge, thou need'st never fear hanging.

Phæd. And will you make yourself a younger Man, and be handsome too, and rich? For you that know Hearts, must needs know that I shall never be constant to such an ugly old *Sofia*.

Merc. As to my Youth and Beauty, you shall know more of that another Time. But, prithee, why art thou so covetous of Riches?

Phæd. Why? Because Riches will procure every Thing else that I can wish for.

Merc. But what if every Thing else could be procur'd without Riches: Would not that do as well?

Phæd. Why no; there's a Pleasure, methinks, in having the Money before one lays it out.

Merc. And yet, 'till it is laid out, it is as useless as so much Dirt.

Phæd. Aye---that may be---but when my Heart dances to the chinking of Money, it is not at leisure to think of that.

Merc. But suppose, that, without Money, you could procure all that Money could buy and more.

Phæd. Why, as well as I love Money, I have no Objection to any good Thing that Money won't buy: But pray how is it to be had?

Merc. To be had: Why upon the easiest Terms in the World; only by a Motion of the Finger, or a Stamp with the Foot.

Phæd. Phoo, that's impossible.

Merc. You shall make the Experiment.

Phæd. Shall I? So I will then, this Minute. Must I stamp with my Foot, or beckon with my Finger?

Merc.

Merc. First try to find out what you wish for, which I have known a difficult Task for a Woman.

Phæd. Let me see-----

Merc. Come, I'll help you---If you had been put into Possession of *Gripos's* Wealth Yesterday, what wou'd you have had to entertain you To-day?

Phæd. Why, I wou'd have had----let me see----I wou'd have had, just now, a band of the best Music in *Thebes*, and a Song in the Character of *Plutus* in praise of Money.

Merc. Well, now stamp with your Foot.

[*Phædra stamps; the Music strikes up; she starts and screams out.*]

Merc. Nay, nay, don't spoil the Music----there's a Friend of mine in the Character of *Plutus* just coming in.

Phæd. I am very much oblig'd to you and your Friend; but, if you please, I had rather keep a little farther out of his reach.

Merc. Pshaw, pshaw, stay where you are; my Friends hurt no Body without my Leave.

SONG in the Character of *PLUTUS*.

- Away with the Fables Philosophers hold,
- Of Pleasure that Honesty gains without Gold:
- To be rich is the Blessings of Life to secure;
- And the Man must be certainly wretched that's poor.
- The Virtue that claims all the Gods for its Friends,
- On Gold, mighty Gold, for Existence depends:
- What Wrongs, without Gold, can a Mortal redress?
- Or who, without Gold, can get Blessings, or blest?
- The Weak can you succour, the Worthy reward,
- If Money be wanting, the Gift and the Guard?
- In Gold there is *Strength* which no Foe can withstand;
- It conquers and triumphs, by Sea and by Land.
- In Gold there are *Charms*, for the Youth and the Fair,
- Sigh one for an Heiress, and one for an Heir.
- There's *Sense* for each Circle that listens demure,
- Consents with a Grin, and cries "Yes to be sure!"
- To be rich, if you trust your own Ears and your Eyes,
- Is at once to be *strong*, to be *fair*, to be *wise*.'

Phæd.

Phæd. There's for you now---what have you to say to that?

Merc. Why, Wit shall reply for me; and, to mortify you the more, it shall be in the Character of a Woman.

Phæd. [*to Plutus, who is going*] Stay then, Mr. *Plutus*, if you please---let's hear what he'll say by way of Reply.

Merc. That's but an ill-natur'd Experiment; for Wit and Wealth have no Kindness for one another: However, it shall be as you please for once.

[*Mercury waves his Caduceus; a Nymph enters in the Character of Wit.*]

S O N G.

- ‘ *Plutus*, vain is all your vaunting,
- ‘ *Wit* must Life with Bliss supply.
- ‘ Gold, alas! should *Wit* be wanting,
- ‘ Wou'd not find a Joy to buy.
- ‘ *Wit* alone creates the Blessing,
- ‘ Which, exchang'd for Gold, you share:
- ‘ Steril Gold alone possessing,
- ‘ What has Man but Gloom and Care?
- ‘ *Wit*, of ev'ry Art deviser,
- ‘ Ev'ry Passion can controul:
- ‘ Can to Pity move the Miser,
- ‘ Can with Mirth dilate his Soul.
- ‘ Gold itself, on *Wit* depending,
- ‘ Thence derives its utmost Pow'r:
- ‘ Folly all profusely spending,
- ‘ Folly hoarding all is poor.’

Phæd. To her, Mr. *Plutus*.

D U E T.

- ‘ *Plut.* In vain wou'd your Jargon our Senses bewitch,
- ‘ D'ye tell me that Gold will not make a Man rich?
- ‘ *Wit.* It is Wit, Wit alone; that can keep it or use;
- ‘ And it cannot enrich those that hide it or lose.
- ‘ *Plut.* Your Quibbles I scorn.
- ‘ *Wit.* But you cannot reply.
- ‘ *Plut.* I boldly affirm----
- ‘ *Wit.* What I boldly deny.

- *Plut.* I'll bet you ten Millions.
- *Wit.* No Wagers I lay.
- *Plut.* You dare not.
- *Wit.* I scorn you.
- *Plut.* I hate you.
- *Wit.* Away-----
- *Plut.* I go---may great *Jove* in his Mercy decree
- That we never may meet ; since we ne'er can agree.
- *Wit.* Go you to the Foolish.
- *Plut.* And you to the Poor.
- *Wit.* The Poor I can bless, and their Blessings
secure. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Phæd. Well, for all these fine Promises of *Wit*, I have no great Opinion of the Happiness of Poverty.

Merc. If you will not yield to Argument, let Experiment convince you.

[*Strikes the Scene with his Caduceus, and it changes a rural Prospect with a Dance of Peasants to Country Music.*]

Mer. Well, What think you, *Phædra*---are these People happy?

Phæd. If they are happy, they owe their Happiness as little to *Wit* as to Money, I believe.

Merc. I beg your Pardon---if it had not been for the Arts that *Wit* has invented, they would have had neither Pipe nor Dance : and mere Ease and Content are but negative Happiness at the best.

Phæd. Well, I find 'tis in vain to dispute with you ; but I shall hold my Opinion for all that. Adieu---if you make me happy according to my Way of Thinking, perhaps I may make you happy according to yours. [*Ex.*]

Merc. Woman---mere Woman!----however, I love thee but as mere Woman, and only as mere Woman thou art mine.

Such Bargain-Loves as I with *Phædra* treat,
Are all the Leagues and Friendship of the Great.

Our Iron Age is grown an Age of Gold :

'Tis who bids most---for all Men wou'd be sold.

[*Exit.*]

ACT. V. SCENE I.

Enter Gripus and Phædra. Gripus has the Goblet in his Hand.

Phæd. **Y**OU will not be so base to take it from me?
Grip. 'Tis my proper Chattel: And I'll seize my own in whatever Hands I find it.

Phæd. You know I only show'd it you to provoke your Generosity; that you might out-bid your Rival with a better Present.

Grip. My Rival is a Thief: And I'll indite you for a Receiv'r of stolen Goods.

Phæd. Thou Hide-bound Lover!

Grip. Thou very mercenary Mistrefs!

Phæd. Thou most mercenary Magistrate!

Grip. Thou Seller of thyself!

Phæd. Thou Seller of other People! Thou Weathercock of Government: That when the Wind blows for the Subject, point'st to Privilege; and when it changes for the Sovereign, veer'st to Prerogative.

Grip. Will you compound, and take it as my Present?

Phæd. No; but I'll send thy Rival to force it from thee.

Grip. When a Thief is Rival to his Judge, the Hangman will soon decide the Difference. [*Exit Phædra.*]

Enter Mercury, with two Swords.

Merc. [*Bowing*] Save your good Lordship.

Grip. From an impertinent Coxcomb---I am out of Humour, and am in haste---Leave me.

Merc. 'Tis my Duty to attend on your Lordship, and to ease you of that indecent Burden.

Grip. Gold was never any Burden to one of my Profession.

Merc. By your Lordship's Permission, *Phædra* has sent me to take it from you.

Grip. What, by Violence?

Merc. [*still Bowing*] No; but, by your Honour's Permission, I am to restore it to her, and persuade your Lordship to renounce your Pretensions to her.

Grip. Tell her flatly, I will neither do one nor t'other.

Merc. O, my good Lord, I dare pass my Word for
your

your free Consent to both.-----Will your Honour be pleas'd to take your Choice of one of these?

Grip. Why these are Swords: What have I to do with them?

Merc. Only to take your Choice of one of them----which your Lordship pleases; and leave the other to your most obedient Servant.

Grip. What, one of these ungodly Weapons? Take Notice I'll lay you by the Heels, Sirrah: This has the Appearance of an unlawful bloody Challenge.

Merc. You Magistrates are pleas'd to call it so, my Lord; but with us Sword-men, 'tis an honourable Invitation to the cutting of one another's Throats.

Grip. Be answer'd; I have no Throat to cut. The Law shall decide our Controversy.

Merc. By your Permission, my Lord, it must be dispatch'd this Way.

Grip. I'll see thee hang'd before I give thee any such Permission, to dispatch me into another World.

Merc. At the least, my Lord, you have no Occasion to complain of my want of Respect to you: You will neither restore the Goblet, nor renounce *Phædra*: I offer you the Combat; you refuse it; all this is done in the Forms of Honour: It follows, that I am to affront, cudgel you, or kick you, at my own Arbitrement; and I suppose you are too honourable not to approve of my Proceeding.

Grip. Here's a new Sort of Process, that was never heard of in any of our Courts.

Merc. This, my good Lord, is Law in Short-hand; without your long Preambles, and tedious Repetitions, that signify nothing but to squeeze the Subject: Therefore, with your Lordship's Favour, I begin.

[*Fillips him under the Chin.*]

Grip. What's this for?

Merc. To give you an Occasion of returning me a Box o'th' Ear; that so all Things may proceed methodically.

Grip. I put in no Answer, but suffer a Non-suit.

Merc. No, my Lord; for the Costs and Charges are to be paid: Will you please to restore the Cup?

Grip. I have told thee, no.

Merc.

Merc. Then from your Chin, I must ascend to your Lordship's Ears.

Grip. Oh, oh, oh, oh,----Wilt thou never leave luging me by the Ears?

Merc. Not till your Lordship will be pleas'd to hear Reason. [pulling again.]

Grip. Take the Cup, and the Devil give thee Joy on't.

Merc. [still holding him] And your Lordship will farther be graciously pleas'd to release all Claims, Titles, and Actions whatsoever to *Phædra*: You must give me leave to add one small *memento* for that too.

[pulling him again.]

Grip. I renounce her, I release her.

Enter Phædra.

Merc. [to her] *Phædra*, my Lord has been pleas'd to be very gracious, without pushing Matters to extremity.

Phæd. I over-heard it all. But give me Livery and Seisin of the Goblet in the first Place.

Merc. There's an Act of Oblivion shou'd be pass'd too.

Phæd. Let him begin to remember Quarrels, when he dare; now I have him under my Girdle, I'll cap Verses with him to the End of the Chapter.

Enter Amphitryon and Guards.

Amph. [to *Gripus*] At last I have got Possession without your Lordship's Warrant: *Phædra*, tell *Alcmena* I am here.

Phæd. I'll carry no such lying Message---You are not here, and you cannot be here; for, to my Knowledge, you are above with my Lady, in the Chamber.

Amph. All of a Piece, and all Witchcraft! Answer me precisely; dost thou not know me for *Amphitryon*.

Phæd. Answer me first: Did you give me a Diamond; and a Purse of Gold?

Amph. Thou know'st I did not.

Phæd. Then, by the same Token, I know you are not the true *Amphitryon*.

Amph. I'll undo this Enchantment with my Sword, And kill the Sorcerer; Come up, Gentlemen, and follow me. [To the Guards]

Phæd. I'll save you the Labour, and call him down to confront you. If you dare attend him. [Exit Phædra.]

Merc. [aside] Now the Spell is ended, and *Jupiter* can

can enchant no more; or else *Amphitryon* had not enter'd so easily.---[*Gripus is stealing off*] Whither now *Gripus*? I have Business for you. If you offer to stir, you know what follows.

Enter Jupiter, follow'd by Tranio and Polidas.

Jup. Who dares to play the Master in my House? What Noise is this that calls me from above, Invades my soft Recess,

And, like a Tide, breakes in upon my Love?

Amph. O Heav'ns, what's this I see?

Tran. What a Prodigy!

Pol. How! Two *Amphitryons*!

Grip. I have beheld th'Appearance of two Suns, But still the false was dimmer than the true; Here both shine out alike.

Amph. This is a Sight, that, like the *Gorgon's* Head, Chills all my Blood, and stiffens me to Stone.

I need no more inquire into my Fate; For what I see resolves my Doubts too plain.

Tran. Two Drops of Water cannot be more like.

Pol. They are two very Sames.

Merc. [*aside*] Our *Jupiter* is a great Commedian, he counterfeits most admirably.

Amph. Now I am gather'd back into myself; My Heart beats high and pushes out the Blood,

[*Drawing his Sword.*]

To give me just Revenge on this Impostor.

If you are brave, assist me [*To the Guards*]---Not one stirs!

What, are all brib'd to take th'Enchanter's Part?

'Tis true: The Work is mine; and thus----

[*Going to rush upon Jupiter, and is held by Tranio and Polidas.*]

Pol. It must not be.

Jup. Give him his Way: I dare the Madman's worst. But still take Notice, that it looks not like

The true *Amphitryon*, to fly out at first

To brutal Force: It shews he doubts his Cause,

Who dares not trust his Reason to defend it.

Amph. [*struggling*] Thou base Usurper of my Name, and Bed!

No less than thy Heart's Blood can wash away

Th'

Th' Affronts I have sustain'd.

Tran. We must not suffer
So strange a Duel, as *Amphitryon*
To fight against himself.

Pol. Nor think we wrong you, when we hold your
Hands:

We know our Duty to our General;
We know the Tyes of Friendship to our Friend;
But who that Friend, or who that Gen'ral is,
Without more certain Proofs betwixt you two,
Is hard to be distinguish'd by our Reason,
Impossible by Sight,

Amph. I know it; and have satisfy'd myself,
I am the true *Amphitryon*.

Jup. See again,
He shuns the certain Proofs; and dares not stand
Impartial Judgment, and award of Right.
But since *Alcmena's* Honour is concern'd,
Whom, more than Life and all the World, I love;
This I propose, as equal to us both.

Tranio and *Polidas*, be you Assistants;
The Guards be ready to secure th' Impostor,
When once so prov'd, for publick Punishment;
And *Gripus*, be thou Umpire of the Cause.

Amph. I am content; let him proceed to Examination.

Grip. [*aside to Merc.*] On whose Side wou'd you
please that I shou'd give the Sentence?

Merc. [*aside to him*] Follow thy Conscience for once:
but not to make a Custom of it neither; nor to leave an
evil Precedent of Uprightness to future Judges---[*aside*]
'Tis a good Thing to have a Magistrate under Correcti-
on: Your old fornicating Judge dares never give Sen-
tence against him that knows his Haunts.

Pol. Your Lordship knows I was Master of *Amphitry-
on's* Ship; and I desire to know of him, what pass'd in
private betwixt us two at his Landing, when he was
just ready to engage the Enemy?

Grip. Let the true *Amphitryon* answer first---

Jup and *Amph.* together---My Lord, I told him---

Grip. Peace both of you!---'Tis a plain Case they are
both true; for they both speak together: but for more
certainty, let the false *Amphitryon* speak first.

Merc.

Merc. Now they are both silent---

Grip. Then 'tis as plain on t'other Side, that they are both false *Amphitryons*.

Merc. Which *Amphitryon* shall speak first?

Grip. Let the cholerick *Amphitryon* speak: and let the peaceable hold his Peace.

Amph. [*To Pol.*] You may remember that I whisper'd you, not to part from the Stern, one single Moment.

Polid. You did so.

Grip. No more Words then: I proceed to Sentence.

Jup. 'Twas I that whisper'd him; and he may remember I gave him this Reason for it, that if our Men were beaten, I might secure my own Retreat.

Polid. You did so.

Grip. Now again he's as true as t'other.

Tran. You know I was Paymaster: what Directions did you give me the Night before the Battle?

Grip. To which of the You's art thou speaking?

Amph. I order'd you to take particular Care of the great Bag.

Grip. Why this is Demonstration.

Jup. The Bag that I recommended to you, was of Tyger's Skin; and mark'd *Beta*.

Grip. In Sadness, I think they are both Jugglers: Here's nothing, and here's nothing; and then, *biccius doccius*, and they are both here again.

Tran. You, peaceable *Amphitryon*, what Money was there in that Bag?

Jup. The Sum, in gross, amounted just to fifty Attick Talents.

Tran. To a Farthing.

Grip. Paugh, Obvious, obvious.

Amph. Two thousand Pieces of Gold were ty'd up in a Handkerchief by themselves.

Tran. I remember it.

Grip. Then 'tis dubious again.

Jup. But the rest was not all Silver; for there were just four thousand Brass Halfpence.

Grip. Being but Brass, the Proof is inconsiderable: If they had been Silver it had gone on your Side.

Amph. [*to Jupiter*] Death and Hell, you will not persuade me that I did not kill *Pterelas*?

Jup.

Jup. Nor you me, that I did not enjoy *Alcmena*?

Amph. That last was Poison to me--- [*aside.*]

Yet there's one Proof thou canst not counterfeit:
In killing *Pterelas*, I had a Wound
Full in the brawny Part of my right Arm;
Where still the Scar remains: Now blush Impostor;
For this thou canst not show.

[*Bares his Arm, and shews the Scar, which they all look on.*]

Omnes. This is the true *Amphitryon*.

Jup. May your Lordship please---

Grip. No Sirrah, it does not please me: Hold your
Tongue, I charge you, for the Case is manifest.

Jup. By your Favour then, this shall speak for me.

[*Bares his Arm and shows it.*]

Tran. 'Tis just in the same Muscle.

Polid. Of the same Length and Breadth; and the
Scar of the same bluish Colour.

Grip. [*to Jup.*] Did not I charge you not to speak?
'Twas plain enough before; and now you have puzzled
it again.

Amph. Good Gods, how can this be!

Grip. For certain there was but one *Pterelas*; and he
must have been in the Plot against himself too: For he
was kill'd first by one of them; and then rose again out
of Respect to t'other *Amphitryon*, to be kill'd twice over.

Enter Alcmena, Phædra, and Bromia.

Alc. [*turning to Phæd. and Brom.*] No more of this;
it sounds impossible

That two shou'd be so like, no Difference found.

Phæd. You'll find it true.

Alc. Then where's *Alcmena's* Honour and her Fame?
Farewel my needful Fear, it cannot be:

This is a Case too nice for vulgar Sight--

But let me come, my Heart will guide my Eyes

To point, and tremble to its proper Choice.

[*Seeing Amphitryon, goes to him.*]

There neither was, nor is, but one *Amphitryon*;

And I am only his--

[*Goes to take him by the Hand.*]

Amph. [*pushing her away from him*] Away, Adul-
tress!

Jup. My gentle Love, my Treasure and my Joy,
Follow no more that false and foolish Fire,
That wou'd mislead thy Fame to sure Destruction!
Look on thy better Husband, and thy Friend,
Who will not leave thee liable to Scorn,
But vindicate thy Honour from that Wretch,
Who wou'd by base Aspersions blot thy Virtue.

Alc. [*Going to him, who embraces her*] I was indeed
mistaken; thou art he!

Thy Words, thy Thoughts, thy Soul is all *Amphitryon*.
Th' Impostor has thy Features, not thy Mind;
The Face might have deceiv'd me in my Choice,
Thy Kindness is a Guide that cannot err.

Amph. What! in my Presence to prefer the Villain?
O execrable Cheat! I break the Truce;
And will no more attend your vain Decisions,
To this---and to the Gods I'll trust my Cause.

[*Is rushing upon Jupiter, and is held again.*]

Jup. Poor Man; how I contemn those idle Threats!
Were I dispos'd, thou might'st as safely meet
The Thunder launch'd from the red Arm of *Jove*.
But in the Face of *Thebes*, she shall be clear'd;
And what I am, and what thou art, be known.
Attend, and I will bring convincing Proofs.

Amph. Thou wouldst elude my Justice, and escape:
But I will follow thee, thro' Earth, and Seas;
Nor Hell shall hide thee from my just Revenge.

Jup. I'll spare thy Pains: It shall be quickly seen,
Betwixt us two, who seeks and who avoids.---
Come in my Friends--and thou who seem'st *Amphitryon*;
That all who are in doubt may know the true.

[*Jupiter re-enters the House, with him Amphitryon,
Alcmena, Polidas, Tranio, and Guards.*]

Merc. Thou *Gripus*, and you *Bromia*, stay with

Phædra: [*To Grip. and Brom. who are following*]
Let their Affairs alone, and mind we ours.

Amphitryon's Rival shall appear a God:

But know, before-hand, I am *Mercury*;

Who want not Heav'n while *Phædra* is on Earth.

Brom. But, an't please your Lordship, is my fellow
Servant *Phædra* to be exalted into the Heav'ns, and
made a Star?

Phæd.

Phæd. When that comes to pass, if you look up a-nights, I shall remember old Kindness, and vouchsafe to twinkle on you,

Enter Sofia, peeping about him; and seeing Mercury, is starting back.

Sof. Here he is again; and there's no passing by him into the House, unless I were a Spright, to glide in thro' the Key-hole.---I am to be a Vagabond, I find.

Merc. *Sofia*, come back.

Sof. No, I thank you---you may whistle me long enough; a beaten Dog has always the Wit to avoid his Master.

Merc. I permit thee to be *Sofia* again.

Sof. 'Tis an unfortunate Name, and I abandon it: he that has an Itch to be beaten, let him take it up, for *Sofia*:---What have I said now! I mean for me; for I neither am nor will be *Sofia*.

Merc. But thou may'st be so in Safety; for I have acknowledg'd myself to be God *Mercury*.

Sof. I am your most humble Servant, good Mr. *Mercury*. But how shall I be sure that you will never assume my Shape again?

Merc. Because I am weary of wearing so villainous an Outside.

Sof. Well, well; as villainous as it is, here's old *Bromia* will be contented with it.

Brom. Yes, now I am sure that I may chastise you safely.

Sof. Ay, but you had best take heed you attempt it; for as *Mercury* has turn'd himself into me, so I may take the Toy into my Head, to turn myself into *Mercury*, that I may swinge you off condignly.

Merc. In the mean Time, be all my Witnesses, that I take *Phædra* for my Wife of the Left-hand; that is, in the Nature of a lawful Concubine.

Phæd. You shall pardon me for believing you, for all you are a God: For you have a terrible ill Name below; and I'm afraid you'll get a Footman instead of a Priest to marry us.

Merc. But here's *Gripus* shall draw up Articles betwixt us.

Phæd.

Phæd. But he's terribly us'd to false conveyancing--- Well be it so: for my Counsel shall overlook 'em before I sign. Come on *Gripus*; that I may have him under black and white.

[*Here Gripus gets ready Pen, Ink, and Paper.*

Merc. With all my Heart.

Phæd. [to *Grip.*] Begin, begin, Heads of Articles to be made, &c. betwixt *Mercury*, God of Thieves---

Merc. And *Phædra*, Queen of Gypnies----*Imprimis*, I promise to buy and settle upon her an Estate, containing nine thousand Acres of Land, in any Part of *Bæotia*, to her own liking.

Phæd. Provided always, that no Part of the said nine thousand Acres shall be upon, or adjoining to Mount *Parnassus*: for I will not be fobb'd off with a poetical Estate.

Merc. Memorandum, that she be always constant to me: and admit of no other Lover.

Phæd. Memorandum, unless it be a Lover that offers more; and that the Constancy shall not exceed the Settlement.

Merc. Item, that she shall keep no Male Servants in her House.

Brom. Here's no Provision made for Children yet.

Phæd. Well remember'd *Bromia*; I bargain that my eldest Son shall be a Hero, and my eldest Daughter a King's Mistress.

Merc. That is to say, a Blockhead, and a Harlot, *Phædra*.

Phæd. That's true; but who dares call 'em so? Then for the younger Children:--but now I think on't we'll have no more but Master and Miss; for the rest wou'd be but chargeable, and a Burthen to the Nation.

Merc. Yes, yes; the second shall be a false Prophet: he shall have Wit enough to set up a new Religion: and too much Wit to die a Martyr for it.

Phæd. O what had I forgot? there's Pin-money, and Alimony, and separate Maintenance, and a thousand Things more to be consider'd; that are all to be tack'd to this Act of Settlement.

Sof. I am a Fool, I must confess--but yet I can see as far into a Mill-stone as the best of you. I have observ'd
that

that you Women-Wits are commonly so quick upon the Scent, that you often over-run it: Now I wou'd ask of Madam *Phædra*, that in case Mr. Heaven there shou'd be pleas'd to break these Articles, in what Court of Judicature she intends to sue him?

Phæd. The Fool has hit upon't:--Gods and Great Men, are never to be sued; for they can always plead Privilege: and therefore for once, Monsieur, I'll take your Word; for as long as you love me you'll be sure to keep it; and in the mean Time I shall be gaining Experience how to manage some rich Cully; for no Woman ever made her Fortune by a Wit.

It thunders; and the Company within Doors, Amphitryon, Alcmena, Polidas, and Tranio, all come running out and join with the rest, who were on the Theatre before.

Amph. Sure 'tis some God! He vanish'd from our Sight.

And told us we should see him soon return.

Alc. I know not what to hope, nor what to fear,
A simple Error, is a real Crime;
And unconsenting Innocence is lost.

[A second Peal of Thunder, after which, Jupiter appears in a Machine.]

Jup. Look up, *Amphitryon*, and behold above
Th'Impostor God, the Rival of thy Love:
In thy own Shape see *Jupiter* appear,
And let that Sight secure thy jealous Fear.
Disgrace, and Infamy, are turn'd to Boast;
No Fame, in *Jove's* Concurrence can be lost:
What he enjoys, he sanctifies from Vice;
And by partaking stamps into a Price.

Merc. *[aside]* *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena* both stand mute, and know not how to take it.

Sof. *[aside]* Our Sovereign Lord *Jupiter* is a fly Companion; he kows how to gild a bitter Pill.

Jup. From this auspicious Night shall rise an Heir,
Great like his Sire, and like his Mother fair:
Wrongs to redress, and Tyrants to disseize;
Born for a World that wants an *Hercules*.
Monsters, and Monster-men he shall engage,
And toil and struggle thro' an impious Age.

Peace

Peace to his Labours shall at length succeed;
 And murm'ring Men unwilling to be freed,
 Shall be compell'd to Happiness, by Need.

}

[Jupiter is carry'd back to Heaven.

Omnes. We all congratulate *Amphitryon*.

Sof. Ah, *Bromia*, *Bromia*, if thou hadst been as handsome and as young as *Phædra*! I say no more,--- but somebody might have made his Fortunes as well as his Master, and never the worse Man neither.

But--down Ambition! let me not complain---
 Enough that I am *Sofia* once again!

Though not a Cuckold, yet content I'll be;

The Great Man's Happiness is not for me.

But of myself shall I be robb'd no more?---

Your Voice, "ye learned *Thebans*," I implore---

Give me your Suffrage, I'll be *Sofia* still;

Let Bully *Merc'ry* there, do what he will.



F I N I S.

